

The Sketch



No. 653.—Vol. LI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



A DAUGHTER OF EGYPT: MME. LEBLANC-MAETERLINCK.

It will be remembered that Madame Leblanc-Maeterlinck, the wife of the author of "Aglavaine and Sélysette," "Pelléas and Mélisande," and "Monna Vanna," was recently in this country, giving a series of "Dramatic, Musical, and Literary Causeries" at the Criterion. She was the original "Monna Vanna."

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.



HERE, if you please, is a copy of the letter that brought me to "Petunia Bungalow." I give it in its entirety, rather as a guarantee of sweet simplicity than a specimen of epistolic art. It runs—

"My dear poor fool,—Why the devil don't you come and put in a few days down here instead of fuming, and damning, and making a general sort of ass of yourself in that rotten, dusty, mournful, sleepless, dyspeptic London? There is a lawn here; there are long chairs, trees, flowers, cool drinks, and picturesque rustics in the background.

"There are roads upon which one may cycle without running too grave a risk of getting sandwiched between a couple of irresponsible, million-horse-power motors. There is a post-office, where one may purchase almost anything in reason, from a packet of raspberry nougat—whatever that may be—to a copy of 'My Lady's Black Eye,' being No. CXVII. of 'Aunt Charlotte's Real Life Dramas: Coronet Series.'

"So much for what I suppose one might call the affirmative attractions. Now for the negative coveys. There are no theatres; there are no music-halls; there are no Clubs; there are no saloon-bars (not that, in any case, you would notice them); there are no barrel-organs, no evening-papers, no hansoms, no pavements, and no politicians. Wire time of train.

"P.S.—I forgot to say that the only 'leg in the air' is a leg of mutton."

My well-meaning if somewhat slangy host might have added that there was no ice. It was the first thing I asked for on my arrival, and the last thing I seemed likely to get. But a genuine passion for ice in hot weather knows no laws, and I presently forced my friend to pay a visit to the fishmonger in the nearest town. The fishmonger, interrogated diffidently on the subject of ice, removed his hat, tickled the top of his head with the handle of a knife, delicately manipulated, and said that the only way as he knew of getting ice to "Petunia Bungalow" would be to send it every evening by the carrier. We closed with that, and came home to wait for the carrier. Carriers, necessarily, are dilatory people. It is impossible to tell how many times they may be compelled to stop in the course of a six-mile journey, nor for how long. There is Mrs. Corner's perambulator-wheel to be delivered, what went, as long ago as Tuesday of last week, to 'ave a new tyre put on. There are groceries for Mrs. Lane, and a bottle of the best cooking-gin for Mrs. Meadow. Then Mrs. Cornflower is naturally anxious to hear whether Minnie arrived safely at the railway-station that morning, and whether she caught her train, and whether she seemed to be in fairly good spirits. And it is equally incumbent on any artistic carrier to agree with Mrs. Cornflower as to the responsibility of sending young girls out to service for the first time.

Our carrier, it was evident, had put in a splendid day's work. It was nine o'clock when he hammered at the door of "Petunia Bungalow," and deposited on the mat a wet, dirty-looking bag containing a piece of ice about the size of a snowball.

"Is this sixpenn'orth?" asked my host.

The carrier eyed the snowball from beneath raised, deprecating eyebrows.

"Don't look much for sixpence, do it?" he sympathised.

"It doesn't look much for a penny," snarled my host.

The carrier stepped back a pace or two, and touched his hat.

"I suppose you want something for bringing it?" my friend suggested.

"Threepence, sir, if you please."

"Threepence! And sixpence for the ice! That's ninepence altogether, and there's not enough left to cool a whisky-and-soda. The bottom of your cart must be flooded."

"It did seem a bit dampish, sir, when I was grubbin' about for Mrs. Rickstraw's bag o' cherries. Suppose we say tuppence, an' chance it?"

"Chance what?" asked my host, handing over the twopence and drying the remains of the ice off his hands with a pocket-handkerchief.

The carrier grinned. "Thankyer, sir," he said. "That's the last job as I've got ter do ternight, an' I shan't say no to a glass o' beer."

After one experience of the carrier, we decided that the best way, really, to get the ice home would be to cycle in to the town each morning and bring it back ourselves. At the same time, it was obvious that a job of that kind did not require two people, and this gave rise to a slight hesitation. As host, of course, it was the privilege of my friend to fetch the ice. I said so, lying back in a long chair the while in order to look as resigned as possible. My friend, on the other hand, urged me not to stand on ceremony with him. There was no doubt, he admitted, that he was the host. For that very reason, however, he was loth to deprive me of any little pleasure in connection with the household duties, more especially since the ice had been my own suggestion. After some strenuous exercise in dialectics, during the course of which my friend thought fit to repeat some of the familiarities to be found in his letter of invitation, it was arranged that we should take it in turns to get the beastly stuff. And that reminds me. Does any reader happen to know how ice should be kept? My friend will have it that the best thing to do is to stand it in a pan of water. I, for my part, insist that it should be wrapped up in flannel, and that, as it melts, the water should be poured off. As a result, he keeps on doing it his way, and I keep on doing it mine. And the ice, distressed at such dissensions, is continually dissolved in tears.

My friend is not, I am sorry to state, an extensive patron of literature. The library of "Petunia Bungalow," to tell the truth, is mainly composed of sixpenny editions of popular novels and tattered copies of out-of-date magazines. In one of the magazines—the May number of the *Grand*—I have come across a most interesting symposium called, "My First Time in Print." Among the contributors to this symposium are Miss Braddon, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Hall Caine. It is instructive to note that, in each case, these distinguished writers began as they have gone on. Miss Braddon, for example, was prettily plaintive. She sang—

Youth comes the all-believing,
Hope comes the all-deceiving,
Death comes sad hearts bereaving,
Yet comes not rest.

Miss Corelli, again, spoke of the splendour of Woman and the stupidity of Man. Listen!—

Each bird that in the leafy forest flies
Sings of the glory burning in her eyes—
While thou, dull-pated youth and drowsy lover . .

Mr. Thomas Hardy, we all know, persistently inclines to the drearier side of life. 'Twas ever thus with him. His first printed work was entitled "How I Built Myself a House." Do you suppose for one moment that that was a cheerful house, with a southern aspect, rose-clad? Not a bit of it. Mr. Hardy's house was a semi-detached villa, and the chimneys smoked because he forgot to open the registers. I wonder how many of his heroes and heroines, since then, have forgotten to open the registers!

Lastly, Mr. Hall Caine. Mr. Caine's first attempt was "a very long blank-verse poem." "I believe," he adds, "we struck off 10,000 copies." Delightful! But Mr. Caine might have told us whether—

Pardon me. One moment. That silly ass is taking the ice out of the flannel for the third time this morning. I'll be back as soon as I've killed him.

SADIE AND HER POPPA INVADe ENGLAND.



THE LIGHTNING
(SHE) TOURIST.

"YOU HAVE JUST ARRIVED THEN TO DO ENGLAND
YOU MUST LET ME SHOW YOU OUR COUNTRY.
I SHALL BE HOME NEXT WEEK."

(HE) "MADAM, I AM VURRA MUCH
OBLIGED BUT - SO SHALL I."

THE AMERICAN
GIRL'S IDEA OF
EARLS COURT.



"I HOPE YOUR DAUGHTER IS
ENJOYING HERSELF, BUT SHE SEEMS RATHER
BORED & TIRED."

"THE FACT IS SIR, YOU ALL KEEP HER VURRY BUSY
PROTECTING
MY MILLIONS."



R. CLEAVER



"WHAT PART OF THE STATES DOES YOUR FATHER PRACTICE IN?"
(DAUGHTER OF FAMOUS DOCTOR) "SIR, HE DOES NOT PRACTICE, I GUESS
MY POPPA KNOWS HOW NOW."



SOMETHING MISSED
"POPPA I FIND WE NEVER WENT TO ATOMS"
"ATOMS! - WHERE'S ATOMS"
"YOU KNOW, THE PLACE WHERE
EVERYTHING IS BLOWN TO"



AMERICA IN LONDON.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

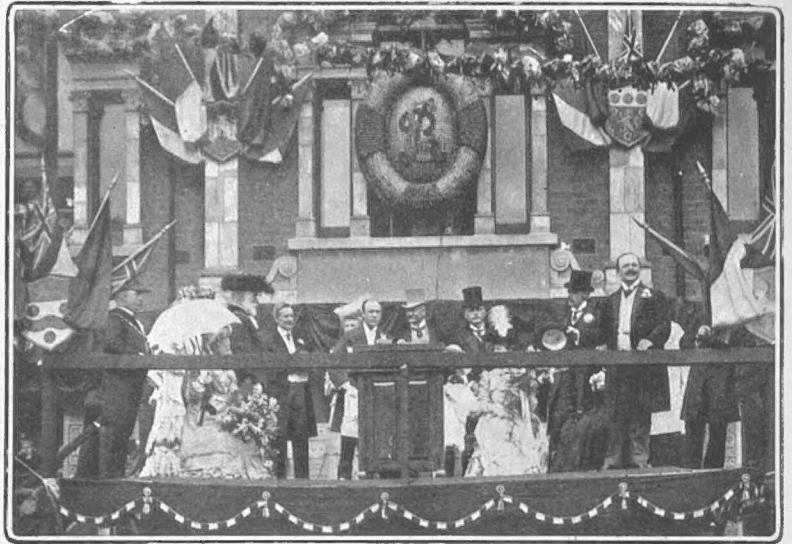
Wimbledon and its Mayor—The "Dog-Shooters"—The Modern Volunteers—Lord Roberts' Rifle-Club Scheme—The Maple-Leaf Dancing-House.

WIMBLEDON has its Mayor now and, doubtless, its mace, and should be happy; but that a village by a common—a place so lonely and remote that in the early days of the Volunteer movement it was considered an ideal spot for the Volunteers to practise shooting—has gradually suburbanised itself, if I may coin a word, into a town worthy of the glory of a charter is a reminder how far that great octopus, London, now stretches its arms.

"Who shot the dog?" is the question the disreputable little London street-boys used to ask of every Volunteer in uniform in those early days; and I suppose there must have been a tale current of one of our citizen soldiers who shot at a target and hit a bow-wow, though I never heard it; but no street-boy would dream of chaffing a Volunteer concerning his shooting nowadays, and many of us are protesting that the War Minister of to-day requires too many military accomplishments from our auxiliary forces. The Volunteer of to-morrow will not only have to shoot like a Boer hunter, but he will be expected to have beautiful teeth and eyesight of telescopic quality.

I know what the Regulars of to-day think of the men whom the little boys used to call dog-shooters. When the regiments came back from the South African War, I asked one or two of the Colonels what they thought of the Companies of Volunteers which were sent out to strengthen their ranks, and the answer I invariably got was, "Capital fellows. They just took their turn of everything, fighting and fatigue, with the rest, and became part of the regiment." Now a Line regiment with all its Reservists in its ranks which had done a year or a couple of years of active service in South Africa was a very fine fighting-machine, and that the Volunteer Companies held their own with the best men we have had in the field since the days of the Crimean War speaks volumes for the men in them.

Lord Roberts has not yet got his big lump sum of money for his Rifle-Club scheme, a scheme which is splendidly patriotic; but he is not discouraged, and is going to take another opportunity to ask again for it. Most men who care for rifle-shooting support their local Clubs, and do not wish to put their hands yet deeper into their pockets to aid a great central scheme. The very rich men, whose interest in rifle-shooting as a defence of the country Lord Roberts hoped to awaken, and whose pockets he hoped to tap, have not responded.



WIMBLEDON BECOMES A BOROUGH: THE TOWN CLERK READING THE CHARTER.

Wimbledon became a Borough on Wednesday of last week, and received the Charter of Incorporation granted it by the King with due ceremony. The Charter itself was brought from Whitehall by the Charter Mayor, Mr. W. H. H. Hamshaw, and the Charter Town Clerk, Mr. R. H. S. Butterworth, who were accompanied on their way back by the Lord Mayor of London and Lady Pound and Sheriff Sir G. Woodman and Lady Woodman. The procession from the bounds of Wimbledon to the Council Offices included some fifty carriages of guests, the "Charter Carriage," and various examples of Wimbledon's Municipal enterprise, including a steam fire-engine, a water-van, and a "dust-cart, tip-cart, and sloop-cart."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



AN AUSTRALIAN LADY'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL: MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN FEEDING WHILE IN THE WATER DURING HER SEVEN MILES' PRACTICE-SWIM.

During last week, Miss Kellermann, the young Australian who is to attempt to swim across the Channel, had several long practice-swims, including one of seven miles in a heavy sea.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

There are times at which the very rich men seem ready to give to any good cause, and others at which they seem tired of spending their money and will not subscribe to anything. Lord Roberts, unfortunately, made his appeal during one of the latter periods. Perhaps the exceptionally hot weather accounts for the meanness of the millionaires.

The American Minister of War and his companions have been entertained by the bankers and merchants of Tokio at the Maple Club, and ate a Japanese dinner there and saw some dancing. Some twenty-odd years ago, I used to see the Geishas dance at the Maple-Leaf, but I doubt much whether, in those days, the bankers and merchants would have been allowed to give their entertainment there, for it was known then as "the Nobles' Dancing-house," and the proprietor kept his rooms reserved for a very select, titled *clientèle*. My host, on the occasions when I went there, was one of the Chamberlains of the Emperor, a merry, round-faced gentleman who went abroad in a very shiny silk-hat and a very well-made frock-coat, but who, once

within the sanctuary of the Maple's gates, reverted to the comfortable costume of the country.

The Maple-Leaf was beautifully decorated and furnished, so far as furnishing in a Japanese house goes. All the woodwork of the paper windows and doors was of beautiful material and beautifully finished. Every little lock, or catch, or hasp was a gem of metal-work; the screens were painted by great artists; the mats were of the finest texture; the bronze vase which stood in an alcove of a room, with a flowering branch in it, was a masterpiece; the kakemono on the wall was by some Old Master. What especially delighted me was the beautiful taste with which the sign of the house, a maple-leaf, was shown on every article belonging to it. It shone in gold on a corner of the red-lacquer trays, it was embossed on the bronze of the little pipes, maple-leaves—red, yellow, and green—drifted across the porcelain plates for the sweetmeats, and there was a stray leaf on every saki-cup and a garland of them on the saki-bottles. Even on the wisp of paper which bound together the chop-sticks there was a little maple-leaf.

The dancing at the Maple-Leaf used to be exceptionally good, for many of the cleverest of the Geishas of Tokio had permanent engagements to amuse the guests of the house. I remember one dance of three girls, carrying each a bough of many-coloured maple in either hand, which was exceedingly pretty. A Japanese dancer requires but little room for her performance, for it is chiefly posturing, and these three girls on a little, raised platform managed wonderful figures and combinations of colour with their dresses of red, yellow, and green, and their boughs. A Saki-dance, in which a bottle and cups played a part, and in which the straw-coloured liquid was supposed to inspire the girls as they danced, was a graceful little dance with a story which I first saw at the Maple-Leaf.



A CIGAR-MAKER'S ROMANCE: BLACK LION YARD, WHITECHAPEL, IN WHICH MRS. PHELP STOKES LIVED BEFORE SHE WAS TAKEN TO AMERICA.

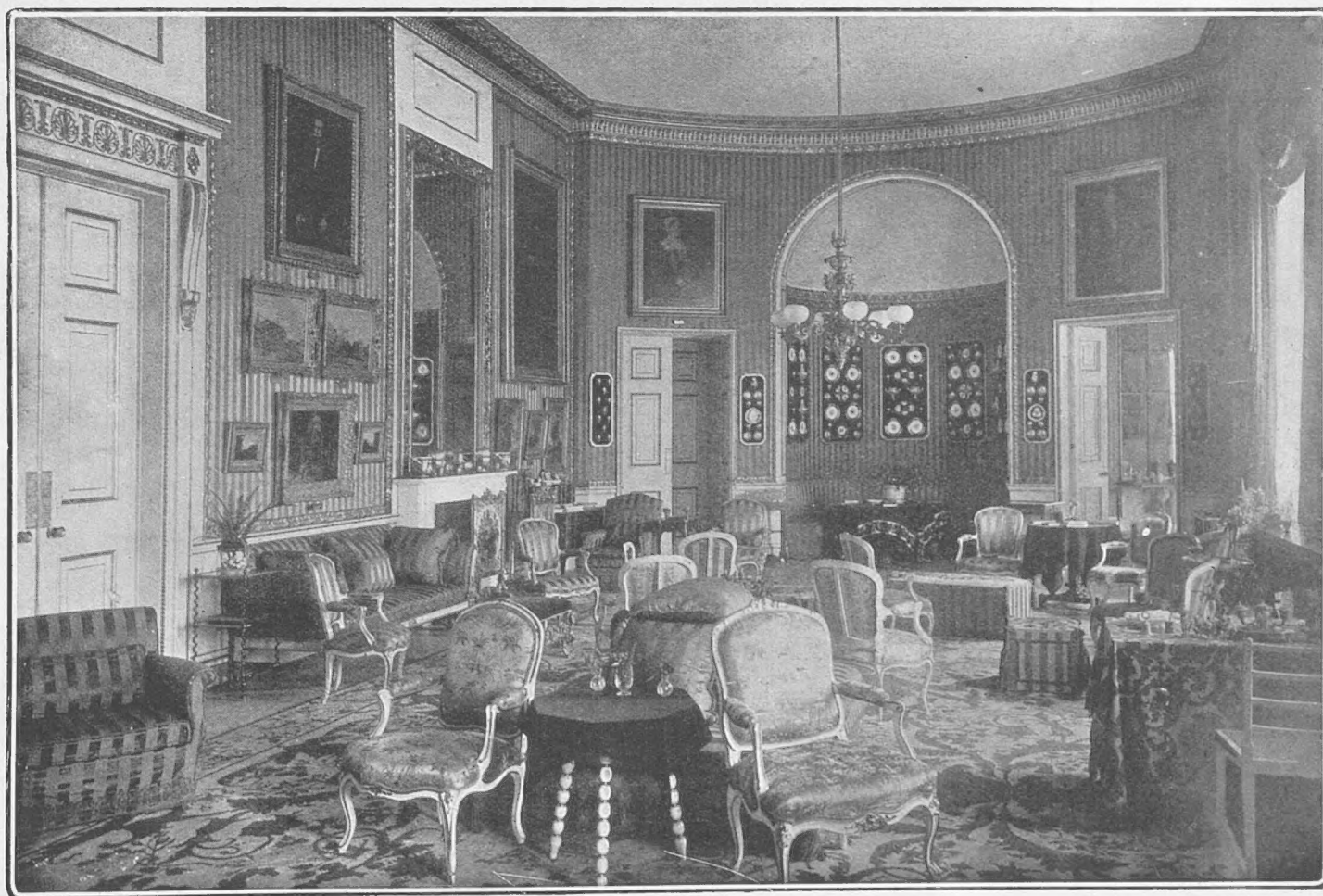
The engagement of Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, who began her working life as a cigar-maker, and Mr. PHELP STOKES, the young American millionaire, has culminated in marriage, and the bride and bridegroom have just arrived in this country on their honeymoon. During their stay here, they will visit Black Lion Yard, Whitechapel, where Miss Pastor lived before she was taken to America.

Photograph by Pork.

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN ARE STAYING FOR THE GOODWOOD RACES:
GOODWOOD HOUSE, SUSSEX.



THE DINING-ROOM, WITH THE TABLE LAID FOR A ROYAL DINNER-PARTY.



THE YELLOW DRAWING-ROOM.

The King and Queen are the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon for the Goodwood Race-Meeting. The house, which is rather in the Italian style, was built by the third Duke, and the West wing is the original hunting-lodge of the first Duke. In the State Drawing-room is a series of superb Gobelins tapestries presented to the third Duke by Louis XV. The subjects of these are taken from "Don Quixote." Many objects of historical interest are shown in the various reception-rooms, including the watch and shirt of Charles I., the cockade worn and the bâton borne by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, and the plate from which Napoleon breakfasted on the morning of June 18, 1815.

Photographs by Russell.

GARRICK THEATRE.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 THE WALLS OF JERICO, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

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Dublin, 1905.

HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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ONE OF THE MIKADO'S PEACE PLENIPOTENTIARIES:
MR. TAKAHIRA, JAPANESE MINISTER
AT WASHINGTON.

In company with Baron Komura, who arrived in New York last week, Mr. Takahira has undertaken the arduous diplomatic work of representing his country at the Peace Conference. The most elaborate precautions are being taken to guard Baron Komura and his colleague while the negotiations are in progress.

launched in April by Lady Mar and Kellie, and on which the Baroness will entertain during Cowes week.

Royalty at Cowes. A far larger gathering of Royal personages than is general will be present at Cowes next week. The King and Queen will, of course, live on the *Victoria and Albert*, and entertain there a distinguished party of relations and friends. Princess Henry of Battenberg's pretty house, Osborne Cottage, will be filled to its utmost capacity, for Her Royal Highness will be acting as hostess to several of her German nieces. The Duke and Duchess of Sparta will attend the regatta, and it is said that the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby will also be at Cowes. There seems an idea that the German Crown Prince and his bride will also pay a flying visit to the Solent.

"Sir" George Meredith! The Court Newsmen's account of the King's investiture the other day makes it appear that the recipients of the Order of Merit were knighted. Mr. Holman-Hunt was the only one of them to be plain "Mistered": are we supposed to call him Sir William Holman-Hunt in future? Above all, when Mr. Meredith attends to receive his well-earned decoration, will he become Sir George, just like any ordinary civil servant who has smoked cigarettes from ten to four for the necessary number of years? If so, the Sage of Box Hill will do well to keep away from the Palace! But there is the consoling thought that Mr. John Morley, who was one of the original members of the Order, did not become Sir John.

"How Name Ye this Child?" At the moment of writing, considerable speculation is rife as to the names likely to be given to-morrow, the 3rd (supposing always that the present idea as to date is adhered to), to the youngest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to whom the Queen paid a visit last week. Hitherto, their Royal Highnesses have taken care that their children—even, indeed, their daughter—should each include among their names that of, at least, one Sovereign who has ruled over these realms. These, or, to be more precise, the eligible ones amongst these, are now almost exhausted. Already Edward, George, Henry, and William have been used, and there remain but Stephen, Richard, John, Charles, and James—none of them likely to meet with great favour. Could there not now be an Alfred, presuming that Egbert, Ethelred, Hardicanute, Harold, and the rest have not to be reckoned with?

"The Virtual Princess." So, after all, Miss Alice Roosevelt has been allowed to arrive in Japan without the threatened official protest from the Czar's Government to give her visit the piquancy eagerly desired by her country's yellow and yellowish Press. To make Russia's passive attitude more extraordinary, it may be noted also that Tokio and Yokohama were permitted to

SMALL TALK of the WEEK

BARONESS DE FOREST, who entertained the King at dinner last week, has been known to both their Majesties from childhood, for she was the Hon. Ethel Gerard, the present young Peer's sister. Her marriage to the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch was one of the most interesting matrimonial events of 1904. Her husband is an immensely wealthy man, with a beautiful town-house in London, a charming flat in Paris, and an historic sporting-estate in Austria. Like her mother, Baroness de Forest is a keen sports-woman; her liking for the sea will now find full expression on the Baron's marvellous yacht, the *Honor*, which, designed by the late G. L. Watson, was

don gala-dress in which to welcome the "virtual Princess." Evidently there is more than a modicum of truth in the statement that the Czar, thanks, of course, to the soothing influence of the Kaiser, is "happy and extremely satisfied." Nothing less than complete felicity and general well-being could have prevented him seeing in Miss Roosevelt's tour an untimely demonstration of her strenuous "Poppa's" friendly feeling towards the land of chrysanthemums, cherry-blossom, and patriotism.

"Liberty" and Wireless Telegraphy.

Oh, woman, woman, must you even in effigy dominate the world? Know you it is said that "Liberty," formed in your image, is frustrating the efforts of those who seek to extend the knowledge and the commerce of the world by means of wireless telegraphy? Would man have erected you—a giant in bronze—to guard the Harbour of New York had he realised that, in your ingratitude, in your desire for power, you would "absorb the Herzian waves" that tell him what to buy and what to sell, when to buy and when to sell, and forbid him to do business from a ship at sea? Certainly not! Then why take advantage of him? Send one of your deputations to remonstrate with this "Liberty," and regain the confidence of man. We beseech you, fling away ambition—unless you wish that one of your sex shall be known for ever as "a mammoth receiver"!



A HOSTESS OF THE KING: BARONESS DE FOREST.

Baroness de Forest, who entertained the King at dinner last week, has been known both to His Majesty and to the Queen from childhood. She was the Hon. Ethel Gerard, sister of the present Peer.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF "GIB.":
GENERAL SIR F. W. E. F. FORESTIER-
WALKER.

Photograph by Press Picture Agency.

him a medal. His more peaceful moments have found him at various times Military Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, A.A. and Q.M.G. in Bechuanaland, Commander of an Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, in command of the Western District, and Commander of the British Troops in Egypt. At the Rock, he succeeds Sir George White, one of the newest wearers of the newest Order, the much-discussed O.M.

Lady Forestier-Walker.

The brilliant soldier who has done such great service for the Empire is blessed with a wife who has been described as "the prettiest woman in military society." She was a Miss Ross, the daughter of a distinguished officer, and she is devoted to the Army, taking a very special interest in Army charities. Perhaps her chief gift is that of amateur acting, and when Sir F. Forestier-Walker was in command of the Western District, Government House saw many a brilliant gathering of Society comedians. At Gibraltar the wife of the new Governor will be a great acquisition, for "Gib." is nothing if not lively.

Lady Wernher.

Lady Wernher is one of the great twentieth-century hostesses, and during the last Season she has given several noteworthy entertainments at Bath House. Some time ago, Sir Julius, as he now is, became owner of the famous Luton Hoo, which used to belong to the late Madame de Falbe. This splendid country place, once the property of the Marquesses of Bute, used to be the scene of many

The New Governor of "Gib."

Africa may be said to have brought General Sir Frederick William Edward Forestier Forestier-Walker, new Governor of Gibraltar, his fame. The South African War, which followed the example of every war worthy the name by being both the birthplace and the grave of reputations, dealt kindly with him, and his work as Lieutenant-General in command of the Lines of Communication earned him a couple of "mentions" in despatches, to say nothing of the more private commendation that has doubtless helped to gain him his present advancement. Long before the recent business-killing and income-tax-raising trouble, however, the Dark Continent had its call for him. In '77 and '78 the Kafir War brought him the C.B., and a year later the Zulu War gave

A Heated House.

The atmosphere of the House of Commons has been hot, in a double sense. Ardent members of the Opposition hoped that the Government would go out after the defeat on the Irish Land Vote, and, in consequence of Mr. Balfour's decision to remain at Downing Street, very excited feeling was produced. The Nationalists declared war without quarter, and, on the other hand, the faithful Ministerialists mustered day and night to prevent a surprise. They will be delighted when they are dismissed for the recess, as the Session has been very trying, and the strenuous sittings of the stifling days and nights have been a severe strain on the health of many men.

Who Defeated the Government?

Who defeated the Government? Credit has been given to one or two Radicals, and, of course, the Irish and Liberal Whips did their work well, but Mr. Redmond received the chief honours of triumph. Mr. Redmond is certainly one of the most skilful Parliamentarians. He knows the game, and he is never absent. Members on both sides like him personally, as he bears no malice and is courteous in his personal relations. He is one of the best-dressed men in the House. He rides every morning in the Row; but, notwithstanding this exercise, his figure is stouter than he would like it to be. Mr. Balfour always treats Mr. Redmond with deference.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF "GIB.":
LADY FORESTIER-WALKER.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE WIFE OF A NEW BARONET: LADY WERNHER.

Lady Wernher may fairly be reckoned among the great twentieth-century hostesses, and she has given numerous much-talked-of entertainments at Bath House. Before her marriage to Sir Julius Wernher—at that time, of course, Mr. Wernher—of Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co., she was a Miss Alice Mankiewicz.

Photograph by Langflier.

Royal house-parties in the mid-Victorian era, for Queen Alexandra was intimate with its then owner. Lady Wernher has a real social gift; she took her place at once in Society, and now entertains every section of the great world. She is a kindly woman, her pet philanthropy being the Children's Happy Evenings Association.

"Miss Ethel Barrymore."

The charming Anglo-American actress whose marriage to a young British officer has aroused much interest both in theatrical and military circles comes of a famous family, as well known in the States as that of the Kembles in this country. Histrionic genius seems to be hereditary, and this is very evident in the case of Miss Barrymore. It is to be hoped that marriage will not deprive the stage of a singularly agreeable and feminine personality.



AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO HAS MARRIED A BRITISH OFFICER:
MRS. HARRY GRAHAM (FORMERLY
ETHEL BARRYMORE).

Photograph by Thomson.

The Prime Minister and the Cares of State.

The Prime Minister has grown grey in the service of the Crown. It seems a short time since the first grey curl appeared above his ear, and now he has the look of an old man, weary with the burden of State. Yet he is quite cool and unruffled. He enjoys the great game and finds amusement in the study of his opponents and in their efforts to get him out. For ten years he has lived at Downing Street as First Lord of the Treasury, and if appetite for office grows with what it feeds on he will be reluctant to return to his private residence in Carlton House Terrace. But perhaps he yearns for freedom—and golf.

The "King of Johannesburg."

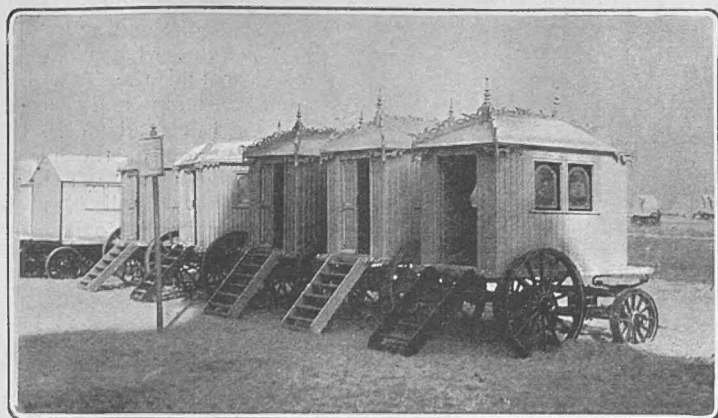
Long ago, Mr. Lionel Phillips was nicknamed the "King of Johannesburg," and certainly in the now almost-forgotten days of the

Raid he was one of the very few men who possessed influence and power on the Rand—that, perhaps, because he had a perfect command of the Dutch language. Among South African magnates, Mr. Lionel Phillips is one of the most cultivated; he is the happy owner of one of the finest art-collections in the kingdom, both his English homes being full of beautiful things, including some priceless eighteenth-century paintings. He at one time intended entering our public life, but he has written resigning his candidature for North Paddington, owing to the fact that he has been pressed to return to South Africa, where it is felt his presence might do a great deal of good. Mr. Lionel Phillips is very fortunate in his wife, who is herself a South African by birth. She is a clever and intelligent woman, and her book, entitled "South African Recollections," is one of the best accounts of the Raid yet published.



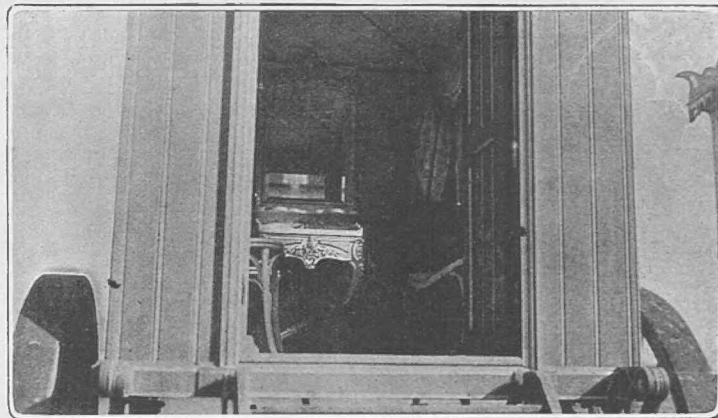
THE "KING OF JOHANNESBURG":
MR. LIONEL PHILLIPS, ONE OF
THE MOST CULTIVATED OF SOUTH
AFRICAN MAGNATES.

Photograph by Antrobus.



OSTEND'S LUXURIOUS BATHING-MACHINES, FOR WHICH A CHARGE OF TEN FRANCS IS MADE: THE EXTERIOR.

Photograph by Park.



OSTEND'S LUXURIOUS BATHING-MACHINES, FOR WHICH A CHARGE OF TEN FRANCS IS MADE: THE SPLENDIDLY FITTED INTERIOR.

Photograph by Park.

Dr. Warre and his Boys. Dr. Warre is giving a signed photograph of himself to every present Etonian, and, as there are rather more than a thousand of them, the Doctor's wrist is likely to be more tired than many "swishings" would make it. Each boy in return is to give his own signed photograph, which irresistibly recalls that Rabelaisian story about Keate and the Old Etonian. "I see you do not remember me, Doctor," cried the young man; whereupon the humorous Head murmured something about being usually more familiar with a pupil's "other end." Certainly Dr. Warren never flogged his Confirmation Class in mistake for the "bill" of real culprits, as Dr. Keate is said to have done, though he might easily be the hero of another story which is told of that famous dominie. It is said that a gallant Captain who had suffered much as a boy under the Doctor's ferule returned to Eton burning for revenge. This he concealed under much suavity of manner and persuaded the Doctor to dine with him at the "Christopher." When he had got his old enemy alone in his room at the hotel, he locked the door and, producing an appalling cudgel, announced his intention of exacting vengeance for many stripes. Keate was equal to the occasion. "Why not have dinner first?" he said, and during the meal he told such good stories and made himself such excellent company that the Captain at parting had quite forgotten his vengeance.



THE KAISER'S DISCOVERY IN MOROCCO: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S 6 FT. 11 IN. BLACK GIANT.

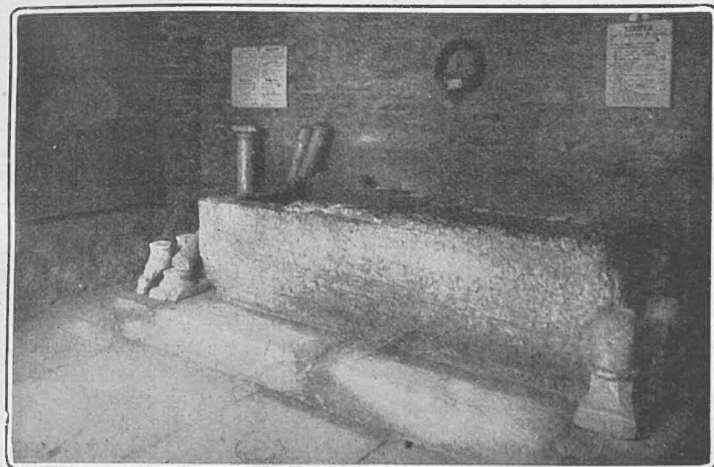
During his trip to Morocco, the Kaiser saw the black giant of whom we give a photograph, and, true to his well-known love for exceptionally tall men in his Army, promptly made arrangements for his discovery to come to Germany, in order that he might enter the band of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and play the "Schellenbaum," or chimes.

never lived, never loved, never died. Yet, there is the genius, there the ingenuity, there the innocence, and the three together are said to have led the town of Verona to purchase for use as a museum the palace on whose walls is the tablet stating that it is the house of the Capulets, from which Juliet sprang. History fails to support the claim that Romeo and Juliet were other than the creation of the dramatist's brain, but what is history in face of tourist, guide—and Shakspeare? Are there not also "Ophelia's brook" and "Hamlet's grave" in Denmark, and in another part of Verona "the tomb of Juliet"?

"*Qui's excuse—*" Immediately after the publication of the list of Unionist Members of Parliament absent unpaired from that fatal division which some sanguine persons thought would turn out the Government, the absentees simply tumbled over one another in their anxiety to explain—that they were there all the time, that they were somewhere else, that "Please, sir, it wasn't me, it was the other boy," that they had paired or had meant to pair, that they were frightfully ill, and so on. The excuses offered on such occasions are sometimes full of information. Thus, the public may learn that Mr. John Bunkum, member for Slough, who was present and voted, has been confused with Mr. James Bunkum, member for the Barleycorn Division of Rootshire, who was absent, unpaired (shame!)—the public who had hitherto been totally unconscious of the existence of the Messrs. Bunkum! But most pleasant of all is the hon. member who, though he does not seem to be an Irishman, writes: "I was unable to be in the House of Commons on Thursday night. . . . I might add, I was there for several hours." Mr. Labouchere has a story of a fellow-member who once said to him, in an admirably off-hand manner, "By the way, if my wife should say anything to you,

Where Juliet Lived!

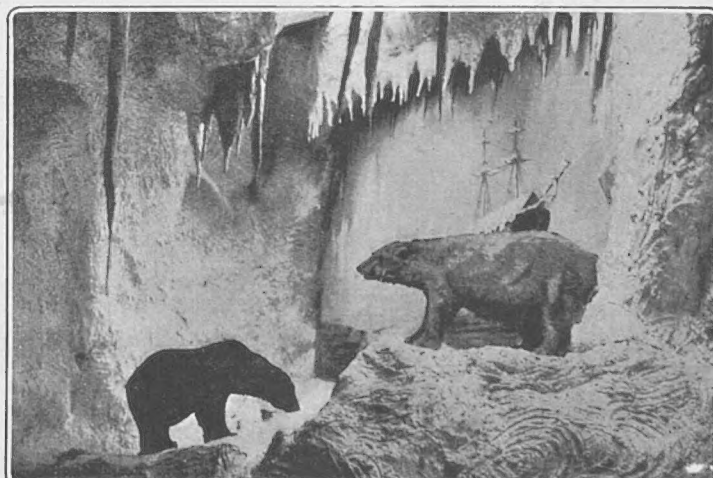
That the house of Juliet at Verona should be taken in deadly earnest by many a tourist speaks well for the innocence of that worthy personage, for the ingenuity of the professional guide, and especially for the genius of Shakspeare which can make the ideal lovers of the poet's mind so real that it is difficult to believe that they



BAIT FOR THE TOURIST: "JULIET'S TOMB" AT VERONA, AN EXCELLENT FRANC-CATCHER.

"Juliet's tomb" is one of the recognised sights of Verona, and is found to be an excellent franc-catcher. In another part of the town is "the house of Juliet," which is said to have been bought by Verona for a museum.

Photograph by Abeniagar.



THE NORTH POLE, BLACKPOOL: THE LATEST ATTRACTION AT LANCASHIRE'S GREAT SEASIDE RESORT.

The latest addition to the many novelties offered for the pleasure of Blackpool's visitors is the version of the North Pole here shown. The daring tripper reaches it after a voyage through various grottoes and tunnels.

Photograph by W. H. Knowles.



A SOCIETY MASTER MARINER: MISS JANE MORGAN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Miss Morgan, who holds a Master Mariner's certificate, recently sailed from Philadelphia in command of her father's yacht "Waturus," and may take her into European waters. She qualified before the United States Steamship Inspectors last October, and during her present voyage intends to show that she is at home in every detail of seamanship. Miss Morgan is well known in American Society.

Photograph by the Gilliams Press Syndicate.

father, Earl Cadogan, has created in Chelsea and the Sloane Street district a splendid property. The birth of a son to Lord and Lady Chelsea was hailed with great rejoicings, for five little daughters had preceded him! His first name is Edward, our genial Sovereign being his godfather. It is said that Lord Cadogan may be the first Duke created by the King; if so, Master Edward Cadogan will, perhaps, be given the title of Lord Sloane. Lady Chelsea, who is an intimate younger friend of Queen Alexandra, is a sister of Lord Alington. Her Majesty has known her from childhood, and as a girl she was often with the three Princesses of Wales.

Mme. Bartet and the Red Ribbon.

The decoration of Madame Bartet had become almost a national question. For several weeks past it has been a topic of argument and heated conversation, and last week, after the lists of 14th of July honours had dribbled out into the Paris papers and Madame Bartet's name was

you might say we were talking politics together in the smoking-room at the House till quite late last night!" The genial "Labby" was prepared to sacrifice his conscience on the altar of friendship, but, fortunately, the lady was discreetly silent on the question of her lord's proceedings overnight. Still, in view of this little tale, one cannot help wondering how many wives of legislators read that list of unpaired members with somewhat mixed feelings, and how many strictly truthful explanations were privately demanded and duly furnished!

A Future London Landlord?

The two-year-old son of Lord and Lady Chelsea may live to be one of the greatest of London's ground-landlords, and rival in wealth his baby contemporary, Lord Grosvenor, for his grand-

not in any of them, it was the only topic in which Parisians were really interested. "The amnesty has not been granted." "Ah? But is Bartet to be decorated?" "M. Witte is on his way to Paris to contract a loan." "You don't say so! But what about the decoration of Julia Bartet?" "The Kaiser and the Tsar have decided upon an *Entente Cordiale* between Germany and Russia." "Do you think so? But have you any news about Madame Bartet's red ribbon?" And so it went on in every one of those well-informed circles of which the journalist delights to write, until, in sheer self-defence, M. Bienvenu-Martin has been compelled to give the little lady the much-coveted honour.

How the Decoration was Obtained, and a Result.

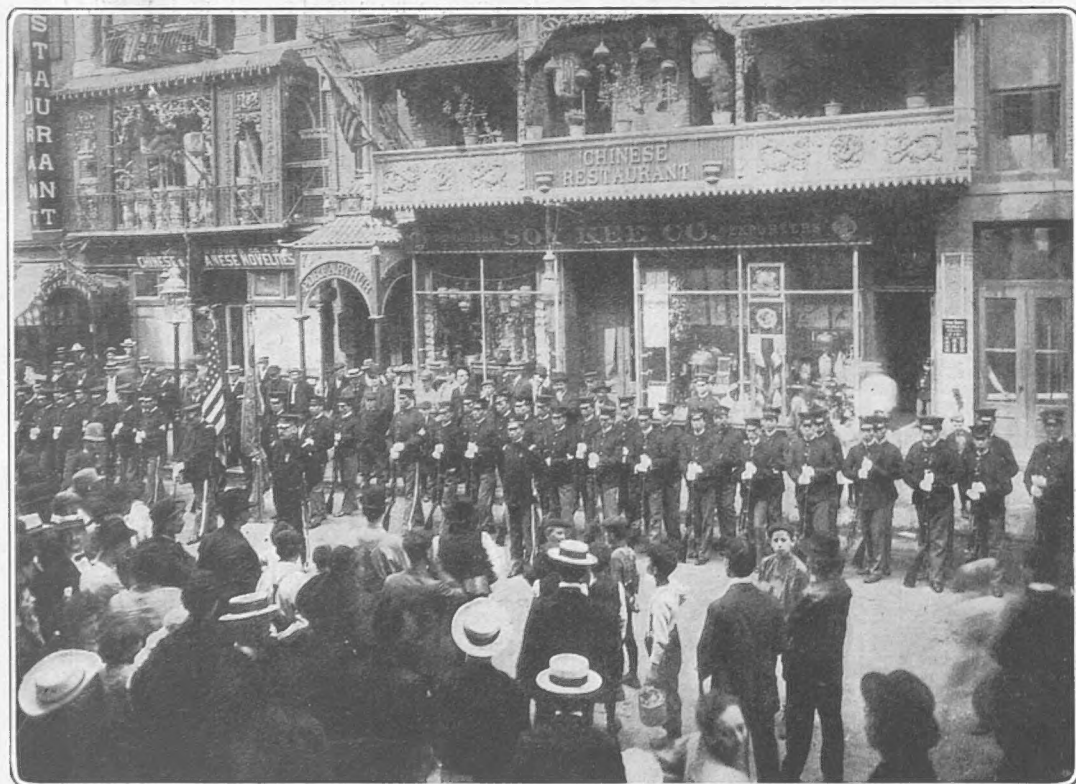
The story of how she got it is an interesting one. M. Claretie, the Director of the Comédie-Française, called on M. Bienvenu-Martin and asked him to decorate his pet Sociétaire. The Minister "regretted," as Ministers invariably do the first time they are asked for anything. "No actress has ever been decorated before," he said, "and I am not sure that we ought to make a precedent." "Supposing," said M. Claretie, "that I get a greater than myself to back my application?" And the Minister raised his shoulders, drew in his elbows, and spread out his hands. "Qu'est-ce que vous voulez que je vous dise?" said every one of the ten fingers on them. Now, M. Claretie and the President of the Republic are old friends, and next day M. Claretie's card was handed to M. Loubet, who received its owner immediately. The Director of the Française pleaded Madame Bartet's cause so warmly that a few days ago the President gave the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts to understand that it would give him personal gratification to sign the patent of "Chevalière" of the Legion of Honour for Madame Julia Bartet. She wore it on the stage at her last performance this season of "Le Duel," and then, with joy in her heart and the bit of red ribbon outside it, went off to spend the summer in the shade of the Pyrenees. The result of Madame Bartet's decoration will be that of Madame Sarah Bernhardt on the 1st of next January. She would, perhaps, have got the Cross before now, but it was thought necessary to decorate an actress of the Maison de Molière before an unofficial one, however eminent, received the honour.



VISCOUNT CHELSEA'S SON AND HEIR: THE HON. EDWARD GEORGE JOHN HUMPHREY CADOGAN.

Viscount Chelsea is the son and heir of Earl Cadogan. His son was born in 1903.

Photograph by H. I. Farman.



AMERICAN FEAR OF THE YELLOW PERIL: THE LAST ROLL-CALL OF THE CHINESE CADETS OF NEW YORK, NOW DISBANDED.

America's fear of the Yellow Peril is evidently substantial, for the Chinese cadets of New York have just been disbanded by Governor Higgins. The move was thought to be necessary in view of the growth of the military spirit noticeable among the Chinese of America since the battles of Mukden and the Sea of Japan, a spirit that was causing them to form Rifle Associations and to indulge in military instruction.

Photograph by Gribayedoff.

Governor and Cricketer.

When Mr. Lyttelton was appointed Colonial Secretary, it was explained that the Australians would feel more confidence in such an all-round athlete than in the usual type of sedentary politician. The same notion seems to have led to the selection of Lord Chelmsford as Governor of Queensland. That colony, he it observed, is not so good at cricket as New South Wales and Victoria, for instance, but now it has got an experienced wielder of the willow as its official head. As the Hon. F. J. N. Thesiger, Lord Chelmsford, who only succeeded to the title some three months ago, played for Winchester, while at Oxford he captained the Dark Blue team.

THE GAIETY'S CARICATURE OF DREYFUS'S FAMOUS ADVOCATE.



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH JUN. AS GUSTAVE BABORI IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

DURING the past few days, I have been chatting, in the train and out of it, with men and women bent on making holiday, and I have been struck by the extraordinary lack of forethought with which the holiday occupation has been selected. Three people out of every four one meets seem bent upon taking the greatest possible fatigue in the shortest possible time. Some, who have spent the greater part of the year in an office, and have carefully avoided physical exercise of any sort, are determined to go mountaineering. Others, distinctly inclined to obesity, are going to face the moors and "roughs" of the North in pursuit of the wily grouse. There are others who propose violent exercise on the River. I suppose any doctor will bear me out in suggesting that, for people who have lived without physical exercise for the past eleven months, it is exceedingly ill-advised to seek to compete with a wiser or younger generation that has kept its body as active as its mind. I am convinced that they are best advised who spend their holiday restfully, and do not believe that immunity from daily work confers ability to undertake unusual physical exercise.

Country Cottages. The exhibition at Letchworth's Garden City is likely to meet with considerable success, but hardly of the sort that was prophesied. The object of the display was to benefit the rural labourer, to show the kind of cottage that was required for his needs, and to prove how far it was possible to erect it at a price within the reach of the average landowner. So much for theory. In practice, we have a large number of cottages that are designed less for Hodge than for the middle-class dweller in big cities who loves his week-end in the country. They will, of course, serve a very useful purpose, but I am inclined to doubt whether they will reach the country labourer. Hodge looks upon highly decorated cottages with a certain suspicion; it is hard to make him believe that beauty can be associated with utility. It has been his lifelong habit to set aside his best room for great occasions, and if every room appeals to him as a best room he will end by living in the garden.

Dissolution and Test Matches. I don't know whether His Majesty's Government is composed of men who take themselves very seriously indeed, but, if it is, they might have learned a useful lesson in humility by studying the contents-bills of the newspapers on the afternoon that Mr. Balfour remarked to his angry opponents, "J'y suis, j'y reste." A few of the more rabid followers of politics devoted a line or two to exposure of the Prime Minister's iniquitous ways, but the more sensible ones realised that public interest was more concerned with cricket in Manchester than politics in Westminster, and, with scant attention to Parliament, they elected, in racing parlance, "to win with Cricket." Apparently they made no

mistake. I have an idea that if some hostile Power were to invade these peaceful shores while a big cricket or football match happened to be in progress, the public would attend first to the results of the match and then to the question of the raid. Of course, we have a precedent for this, dating from the time of the Armada, when certain British Admirals and sailors of high degree finished their game of bowls before they went out to meet the Spaniard. At the same time, I am afraid that such a precedent may not prove advantageous on every occasion. It is common knowledge that the Anglo-Japanese arrangement is being revised, and that, if our allies do not share the failing of the Dutchman in giving too little and asking too much, they are at least quite wide awake to their own interests, and they will not be the easier to deal with in way of business if they know that the Government has not an undivided force of public opinion behind it.

The Kaiser at Large.

The man of average intelligence can hardly fail to see in the Kaiser's sensational activity at this moment the need for careful and intelligent record of events at home and abroad. During the past few weeks, the German Emperor has been one of the hardest-worked men in Europe, and it is no secret that his activities have not been directed to the furtherance of our interests. Even if he does work for his country with one eye on the mob, he manages to keep the other eye very closely devoted to the business he has in hand, and if he returns to Potsdam without certain substantial benefits to the credit of his yachting tour, it will not be for any lack of hard work. He will have been aided to no small extent by our political difficulties at home, because, rightly or wrongly, the politicians of the Continent hold that Liberal Governments have no Foreign Minister worthy the name. The only man they have ever con-

descended to take seriously is Lord Rosebery, and he, if one may say so with all respect, is out of the hunt. Foreign affairs are, in their way, a tradition, and the talent for dealing with them is hereditary. A Lansdowne or a Salisbury has the traditions of foreign policy in much the same way that a Rothschild has the traditions of finance. I suppose it is because your Conservative Foreign Minister realises that King Demos, the Nonconformist conscience, and the various Barnums and Baileys of religious sects have nothing to say worth hearing when they turn their little brains in the direction of foreign affairs. For myself, I hope to see Lord Lansdowne in Downing Street, where his success has made up for his failure in Pall Mall, until the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries have settled the amount of the little bill due to the virtuous Mikado. Then, if the Liberal Foreign Minister comes in, he can, at least, do very little harm.



THE COOLEST MAN IN LONDON: A QUIET SMOKE ON AN ICE-BARGE.

Photograph by Park.

The Duke



A BRITISH PRINCE WHO IS NOW A GERMAN SOVEREIGN: THE DUKE KARL EDUARD OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTH (H.R.H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY) DRIVING THROUGH HIS DUCHY ON THE DAY HE BECAME ITS ACTING RULER.

As we remarked in our last issue, the son of the late Prince Leopold has been thoroughly Germanised since Fate placed him upon the throne of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. From the moment he left Eton every effort was made to turn him into a typically German Prince, and there is little doubt that the endeavour has been successful. Prince Arthur of Connaught is his heir-presumptive.

Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.

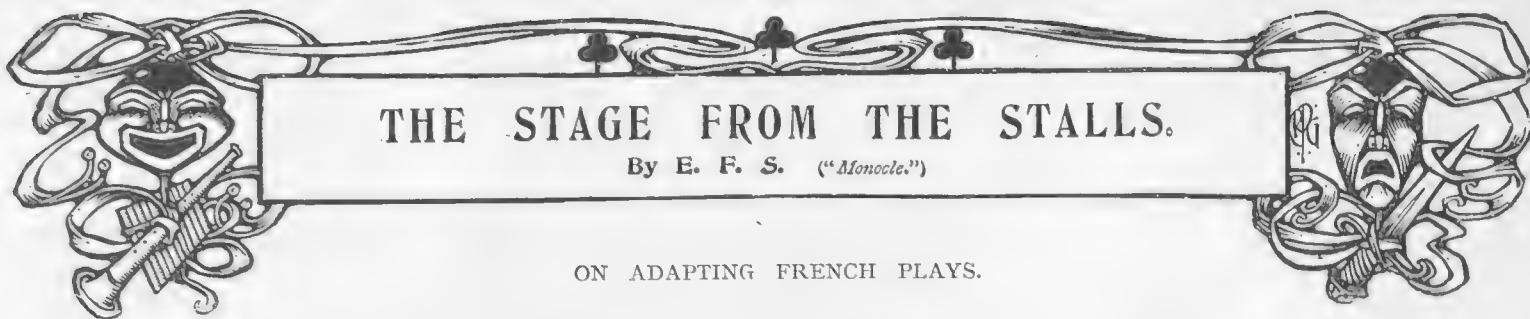
HOUSES AT £130 EACH: LETCHWORTH'S GARDEN CITY.



1. A PAIR OF COTTAGES, EACH COSTING £210, AND CONTAINING A KITCHEN LIVING-ROOM (12 BY 20 FT.), A PARLOUR (12 BY 9 FT.), A SCULLERY (9 BY 12 FT.), THREE BEDROOMS (12 BY 13 FT., 11 BY 7 FT., AND 9 BY 12 FT.), A PANTRY, ETC.
2. A COTTAGE, COSTING £150, EXCLUSIVE OF WATER SUPPLY, DRAINAGE AND CARRIAGE, AND CONTAINING A LIVING-ROOM (14 BY 12 FT.), A SCULLERY (10 BY 9 FT.), AND THREE BEDROOMS (12 FT. BY 8 FT. 10 IN., 10 FT. BY 8 FT. 10 IN., AND 10 FT. BY 8 FT. 6 IN.).
3. A COTTAGE COSTING £133 (£145 WITH BATH AND HOT-WATER SUPPLY) AND CONTAINING A LIVING-ROOM (15 FT. 6 IN. BY 11 FT. 4 IN.), SCULLERY (9 FT. 4 IN. BY 7 FT. 6 IN.), PANTRY, ETC., AND THREE BEDROOMS (9 FT. BY 13 FT. 4 IN., 6 FT. 2 IN. BY 13 FT. 4 IN., AND 12 FT. BY 8 FT. 6 IN.).
4. A COTTAGE COSTING £148, AND CONTAINING A LIVING-ROOM (10 BY 22 FT.), KITCHEN (13 BY 15 FT.), SCULLERY (5 BY 7 FT.), BATH-ROOM (5 FT. BY 5 FT. 6 IN.), LARDER (5 BY 3 FT.), HALL (8 FT. BY 7 FT. 6 IN.), AND THREE BEDROOMS (12 BY 10 FT., 10 BY 13 FT., AND 10 BY 12 FT.).
5. A COTTAGE COSTING £140 (PRIME COST), AND CONTAINING A LIVING-ROOM (13 FT. 3 IN. BY 10 FT. 3 IN.), SCULLERY (9 BY 8 FT.), PANTRY, ETC., AND THREE BEDROOMS (14 FT. BY 8 FT. 6 IN., 10 FT. 6 IN. BY 9 FT., AND 10 BY 8 FT.).
6. NO PARTICULARS FURNISHED BY EXHIBITOR.
7. A COTTAGE COSTING £150, AND CONTAINING A LIVING-ROOM (15 BY 12 FT.), SCULLERY (8 BY 8 FT.), PANTRY, ETC., AND THREE BEDROOMS (11 FT. 6 IN. BY 10 FT., 9 FT. 9 IN. BY 9 FT. 9 IN., AND 9 BY 7 FT.).
8. A COTTAGE COSTING £150, AND CONTAINING A LIVING-ROOM (15 FT. 6 IN. BY 11 FT.), SCULLERY (11 BY 8 FT.), PANTRY, ETC., AND THREE BEDROOMS (15 BY 14 FT., 11 BY 9 FT., AND 11 BY 9 FT.).

TYPICAL CHEAP COTTAGES EXHIBITED AT LETCHWORTH.

Photographs taken exclusively for "The Sketch." (See "My Morning Paper.")



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

ON ADAPTING FRENCH PLAYS.

WHEN a play has had a success in Paris, the English rights are promptly bought, even if at first sight it appears improbable that a version can be prepared which will pass the Censor. After the purchase has been made comes the very difficult question of the correct method of preparing the piece for our boards. A section of the critics always raises its pen in favour of literal translation, and, of course, it is much easier to produce a literal translation than an adaptation, although the strictly Englished piece, as a rule, bears the same relation to the original as still champagne to sparkling. Yet though in one respect this may be the easier policy, in others it is peculiarly dangerous. In the first place, it involves the use of many French names, and, as a rule, the translator has not the wisdom or courage to change them. There are plenty of French names that the ordinary player can pronounce inoffensively—or almost. He is able to get pretty close to Édouard, Charles, Maurice, Frédéric, or Louis, but "Gongtring," "Jong," "Oujean," "Alphonse," "Armong," and "Ongri" will hardly pass. Louise, Cécile, Joséphine, Agathe, Madeleine, Clothilde, Claire, Mathilde, and Marthe are not quite out of range; but Olympe pronounced as "O-limp" or "O-lamp" is rather painful, and Marie uttered as if the girl were a native New Zealander, "Hortongs," "Hongriette," and "Powlean," when spoken rapturously by the hero, sound too quaint. It may be noted that the English player cannot be induced to believe that the French never sound an "h" directly: to be just, our neighbours deal even more fiendishly than we with the "haspitate."

When one comes to surnames, the difficulty is even more formidable, though there are plenty to be chosen that are not exactly shibboleths. A few changes for the sake of euphony would really be excusable; in particular, one might say that the most ferocious critic would forgive any method of preventing actors from talking of "Richloo," "Robspear," "Dantong," "Villong," or "Mongmorengtsy." Even if the translator has got through this, he is face to face with the appalling question of our old friend "Monsieur." Of course, if he were logical, he would avoid it by using the words "Sir" and "Mister"; but this would be pushing virtue beyond traditions, and so we are greeted with "Mossoo," and fifty variations, some a little worse than others, and all bad; even the simpler "Madame" is a bit of a stumbling-block. The ordinary translator or the adapter who does not transport creates difficulties for himself by leaving here and there in his piece a phrase or so of French. Quite needlessly and illogically, we have "Mong pear," "Ma marc," "Mong Dew" or "Jew," or "Just see-ell," or "Garcong," or a "Sarcray blue," and pronounce Paris as "Parry." I do not think I have ever heard an English player tackle the word "Rheims"—I should like to. Probably he would shirk it, and adopt our old English method of calling it "Reams," as though it had something to do with paper. By the way, "Fongtangblow" is a bit of a trial. The Tuileries, fortunately, has been burnt down—it is almost a pity that the Communists left Auteuil alone, for when it is

referred to as "O-tuel," misunderstandings may arise. Of course, the French are to be blamed for having such ridiculously unpronounceable names. We are quite irreproachable. No foreigner ought to be puzzled by Marjoribanks or Cholmondeley, or have any difficulty in taking a ticket for Cirencester, or Pwllheli, to choose one of the simplest, though it may be admitted that the Welsh go a trifle too far in their tricks with consonants, and may be classed as orthographic mutineers, to borrow a phrase of De Quincey's. Still, taking this matter broadly and tactfully, the translator might get on very well.

The troubles of the translator or the adapter who does not change the locality do not end here. Our new friends do not dress like Britons, though they try to; as a rule, half our players, when presenting Frenchmen, wear enormous bow-neckties, flagrantly English trou—s, and the nearest thing to a Lincoln and Bennett that they can afford. The leading man dodges the difficulty by sporting the biggest butterfly cravate in the cast and a Trilby; but his boots seem impertinent. Moreover, there is the question of hugging. What salary would induce the juvenile lead to kiss his Papa on his return from the country, or embrace "son ami Jools"? Mr. Frank Reynolds, in last week's *Sketch*, gives a clever drawing of the operation. On the other hand, our stage-lover insists upon a theatrical osculation of his "fiangcy" of such a kind that to a Frenchman it brings the idea that the betrothal has come very late in the evening. Moreover, we expect a prodigious amount of explanation before we admit that respected—I do not say respectable—people are living conubially together on the basis of a marriage which took place behind the church, but the



AN ENGLISH ACTOR ON AN UNPROFESSIONAL AMERICAN TOUR: MR. HOLBROOK BLINN AND HIS FRIENDS DRIVING THROUGH A GIANT TREE WHILE ON A COACHING TRIP TO THE SIERRA NEVADA.

The tree through which the coach is being driven is over 400 feet high, and is one of the several giants in Nevada.

Mr. Blinn's party includes Mrs. Blinn, Colonel C. H. Blinn, his father, and Miss Sherman.

Photograph supplied by Bassano.

modern French dramatists seem to find some peculiarly refined kind of immorality in a legal union. Consequently, even the most advanced translator of a piece like "L'Age d'Aimer" would have to marry off all the couples or for ever hold his peace, or, at least, withhold the French piece, and then, of course, all the flavour, the *fine fleur* of delicate, sentimental, mercenary immorality, would disappear.

Perhaps, on the whole, it is wiser to offend the critics and adapt boldly, changing names and countries, and then, if the writer be very clever and very lucky, he may even produce "A Pair of Spectacles," and be able to boast truly that the adaptation is a finer work than the original. One of the dangers awaiting him comes from the curious snobbishness of the English stage. I do not believe that the public really desires that most of the comedies should take place among the Upper Ten Thousand, but it is the fact that a large proportion of our comedies present us with members of the aristocracy. This, of course, is by no means the fault of French drama, and when an adapter takes a play which passes among the middle-class and plants it in Mayfair it does not grow well. To advise the adapter to leave alone works that cannot be converted without being utterly emasculated is, perhaps, giving a counsel of perfection; but one may, at least, warn him against the dangers of the middle course, which in almost all aspects of life is dangerous.

AN ACTOR WHO HAS ABANDONED AN AMERICAN TOUR TO
PLAY IN LONDON.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "TIME IS MONEY" AT THE CRITERION, AND AT THE HAYMARKET
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. FREDERICK HARRISON.

When he came to this country, some weeks ago, after a considerable absence, Mr. Charles Hawtrey announced, on the occasion of the first performance of his revival of "A Message from Mars," that his stay here could be but short, as he was under contract to begin an extensive American tour early in the autumn. Now, by the courtesy of the various managers who have released him and by the enterprise of Mr. Frederick Harrison, he will remain in England and be seen at the Haymarket. It has not yet been announced in what plays he will appear at the Haymarket, but he is to act Charles Grahame, a part in which he was most successful in America, in "Time is Money," the one-Act comedy to be produced with "Lucky Miss Dean," at the Criterion.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A LITTLE MINISTER *

IN far-off days, when Galeazzo, second Duke of the House of Sforza, ruled over Milan, one, Carlo Lanti, a man of war, with hard muscles, soft heart, and thick head, travelled along the Milan road with a goodly cavalcade that included Beatrice, wife of the Count of Casa Caprona. The lady should have been with her husband, but preferred Carlo, and, in the fifteenth century, woman's choice, if not fettered by force, could readily escape the fetters of convention. But though Madame Beatrice travelled in her lover's company, with a joy unclouded by fear, she could not escape Bernardo Bembo, who had "soft umber eyes," while "his mouth was a little mouth," and "his hair was a golden fleece." He was some seventeen years old, and sprang into the story from an *osteria* on the Milan road. He had set out in this, the very May-morn of his youth, to convert the world to righteousness—a certain lack of righteousness on the part of his parents being accountable for his presence on this planet—and, in the exercise of what he took to be his profession, he did not hesitate to explain her more obvious faults to Madame Beatrice before he had been in her company five minutes. He improvised a ditty in order to tell the story of her rightful lord's betrayal, and, whether because she thought it was no business of a stranger, or she realised that the ditty was neither good prose nor sound verse, Beatrice grew very angry indeed. Even while he attracted her by his good looks, he repelled her by his good morals. She even instructed her faithful servitor, Narcisso, to poison the small preacher; but, repenting at the last moment, only the servitor suffered. Then they reached Milan, where we are assured the bold, bad Galeazzo succumbed at once to the fascination of the bold, good Bernardo. "There were terraces," says the author, writing of Milan as his hero saw it, "and broad flagged walks, and palaces and spacious loggias—fair glooms of marble shaken in the spray of fountains." This, by the way, is how the author writes, so that the reader may be pardoned if there are times when he says with the hero of one of Gilbert's ballads, "I knew 'twas very clever, but I couldn't understand it."

Duke Sforza, as presented by Mr. Capes, is an odd mixture of appalling lust and sickly sentimentality, and the account of life in Milan may be commended to the writers of sensational fiction that does not pretend to be historical. We note that Bernardo Bembo is promoted to the high places of the realm, that he sits in judgment upon transgressors, that for his sake Milan repents in sackcloth and ashes the sins of its earlier days, while feasting gives way to fasting and outrage to decency. Then Galeazzo leaves Milan for the furtherance of his policies, and Bernardo is left to do his best to set the crooked straight in his own weird way. Needless to say, he is surrounded by enemies. It would not, perhaps, be unreasonable to suggest that his virtues—which seem to be properly located at some point between Exeter Hall and that uglier place in which Messrs. Torrey and Alexander have ranted to the hysterical of this city—were bound to irritate the hard-living, unthinking crowd that peopled Milan when the Sforzas ruled over it.

Tassino came to judgment—he had seduced an armourer's daughter and blinded the outraged father! Incidentally, he was the lover of the Duke's wife, so Bembo's sentence of marriage to his victim, with the alternative of loss of his eyes, was bound to give offence in high quarters. But the real trouble came when the singing saint sought to preserve the life of Fra Capello, whom Duke Sforza had imprisoned in the deepest dungeon below the castle moat. To do this, he borrowed the signet-ring belonging to the Duchess and hurried to the dungeon—to find that Jacopo had preceded him.

Jacopo served Galeazzo Sforza much as Don Michelotto Corella and Don Pedro de Torpia served Caesar Borgia. Sick at heart, the little minister deserted the city awhile, was robbed of the signet-ring by Narcisso, and was attended and helped by Cicada, a fool who has male sex for some twenty-four chapters and then becomes a woman in the last chapter but one. The ring was Bembo's undoing; it passed into the hands of Beatrice, and reached Ludovico, Galeazzo's brother, who was destined to usurp the Dukedom of Milan and enjoy it for many years. It came to him in the hour when Beatrice "suddenly, swiftly, passionately thrust out a hand." 'Twas her own hand, and the ring was on it.

With the ring in his possession, Messer Ludovico had, so to speak, a free hand. To give him further help, had he needed it, Bembo had been to see Beatrice, and had flouted her quite rudely, refusing to have anything to do with her proffered affection, behaving, in fact, worse than Joseph did to Mrs. Potiphar—

"Beast," he cried, "thou foulest our garden! I will have thee whipped out of Milan with a bow-string!"

Scorn and hatred flashed into her face. She was no longer Venus, but Ashtoreth, the goddess of unclean frenzy.

"Thou wilt," she hissed. "I thank thee for that warning."

Ludovico sent Tassino to Duke Sforza with the stolen ring, and a story to fit it, and the interview was a very terrific affair indeed. As a result of it, the little minister was thrown into a dungeon next to one that held Carlo Lanti prisoner. His gaolers gave him Cicada for company, but forgot or ignored the fact that even little ministers cannot live by company alone, and on the third day Bernardo Bembo departed this life, while his dwarf attendant stayed but a little time before following him.

So the singing preacher passed out of Milan's life, and, judging by our Metropolitan experience of singing preachers, I am not inclined to indulge in deep regrets. Mr. Capes does no more than intrude upon history when he states how Galeazzo Sforza was murdered and tells us of the incidents that followed immediately. In very truth, the first part of his book is not written in fashion that holds the reader. There is a certain pose that does not please, and an attitude towards the fifteenth century that is not always easy to accept. Towards the end of his book, Mr. Capes carries the burden of history more lightly, and decorates his last few pages with some really fine writing. Unfortunately, it comes rather late, at a time when one has

begun to tire of mannerisms. One regrets to note that, even in the darkness of his dungeon, Bembo would continue to improvise, and his faithful historian has not failed to commit the rhapsodies to cold print.

When Carlo Lanti was released from durance vile, he went to call upon his late love, Beatrice, now widow of the Count of Casa Caprona. He carried a dagger with him, and "took her to his remorseless grasp." There is no doubt he would have done worse things than that, for he was in deadly earnest, but—

Writhing in her agony, she tore herself free a moment, and sank at his feet, rending, as she fell, the curtain from its rings. His back was to the wall. In a mirror opposite he caught the sudden vision of his intent, and, looking down upon it, dim and spiritual, the sweet face of the Saint.

The dagger dropped from his hand.

The picture referred to was one of the little minister, and had been painted by Messer Antonello da Messina, pupil of Jan Van Eyck. It availed to save the rather wasted life of Beatrice, but the incident does not ring quite novel.

Mr. Capes concludes his story with a short, finely written epilogue.

It is to be feared that "A Jay of Italy" was written to be taken quite seriously. I have done my best to realise the author's intent, but, glancing over my notes, I fear that my success has not been in proportion to my effort. The same remark, by the way, will apply to Mr. Capes.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



THE AUTHOR OF "A JAY OF ITALY": MR. BERNARD CAPES.

Photograph by H. W. Salmon.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—VIII. SURREY.



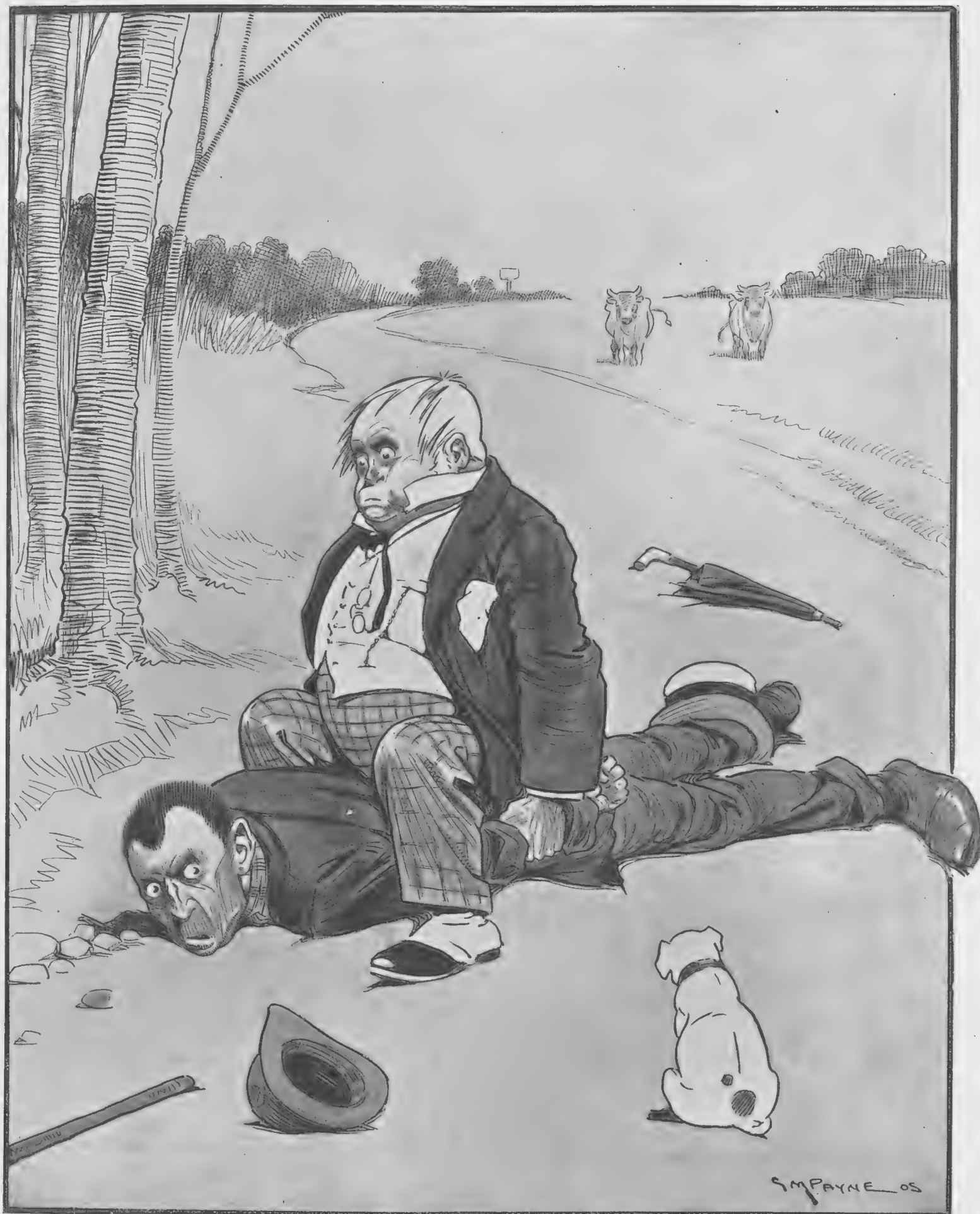
1. STEDMAN. 2. HAYES. 3. BAKER. 4. HAYWARD. 5. NICE. 6. LEES. 7. LORD DALMENY (TEMP. CAPTAIN).
8. N. A. KNOX. 9. J. E. RAPHAEL. 10. HOBBS. 11. HOLLAND. 12. STRUDWICK. 13. DAVIS.

Concerning Kisses.

VI.—THE FIASCO.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

BROWN FINDS THE "SOFT ART" USEFUL BUT EMBARRASSING.



BROWN HAS JU-JITSUED HIS MAN IN GOOD STYLE, BUT HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT HE SHOULD DO NEXT.

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE,

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I UNDERSTAND that the Publishers' Association have considered the proposals of the *Times* to establish a circulating library and bookshop. One of the conditions laid down by the *Times* was that the publishers supplying its demands should bind themselves for five years to supply no books to other daily papers. This clause has, apparently, been dropped. It remains to be seen whether other daily papers will follow suit. One journal of great influence has in hand a scheme for publishing from its office cheap editions of really popular books. The details of distribution I am unable to give at present.

Mrs. Grant Richards is starting as publisher, with her husband as manager. All who know this clever and accomplished lady will heartily wish her the best of good fortune in her new enterprise. Among the first publications of the new firm will be a series of editions of the classics, brought out in fine style, and edited by eminent scholars. The first will be an edition of Catullus, from the very competent hand of Professor Housman, the author of "A Shropshire Lad." It is understood that among the syndicate taking over Mr. Grant Richards' business are such eminent experts as Mr. Moring, Mr. Doubleday, and Professor Gollancz.

It will be learned with pleasure that the new book of Captain Mahan will be issued by his old publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., Limited. The good old house is, apparently, taking a new lease of life.

The volume of Napoleon in the Cambridge Modern History was due this month, and was looked for with quite exceptional interest. It has been postponed, however, till the autumn.

The Canadian novelist, Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, has issued a new novel, "Cameron of Lochiel," a romantic tale dealing with the adventures of a young Scotsman, a Captain in a Highland regiment, during the war for the possession of Canada. The literature of the Dominion promises to be fresh and healthy, though, as yet, Australia is, perhaps, a better book-market for the English author than Canada is. In Canada the stress of American competition is strong.

Mr. R. H. Dodd, the eminent bookseller of New York who arranged the purchase of the Rowfant Library from the Locker Lampson family, disposed of the whole collection to a well-known book-lover in New York. This gentleman picked out such books as he wanted, and the remainder is being sold piecemeal.

There is to be a new Life of Cardinal Manning, and the chosen biographer is the Rev. W. F. Kent, the son of the veteran journalist, Charles Kent, who outlived most men of his own generation, and was busy to the last. Charles Kent was a devout Roman Catholic, and his son has followed him. The biographer, who is a member of the religious community founded by Manning at Bayswater, has had access to much new material, including the important early correspondence

with Gladstone, and an affecting diary kept by Manning at Lavington during his wife's fatal illness. On his married life Manning was peculiarly reticent, and his previous biographer, Mr. Purcell, was able to tell us little of the episode. Purcell's Life of Manning, though properly described by Lord Rosebery as a great biography in its way, contained much that displeased Catholics, and they will be glad to have it supplemented.

I deeply regret to hear of the death of Mrs. E. C. Stedman, of New York, the wife of the well-known poet and critic. Mrs. Stedman was a most loyal and helpful ally to her husband in the various vicissitudes of life, and exercised a delightful hospitality, though for years the family has lived out of town. Mr. Stedman, who has written some of the most beautiful love-poems in the language, will have the sympathy of many friends in this great bereavement.

A new American shilling magazine, the *Tales*, is entirely devoted to translations from foreign languages. In its pages many hitherto unknown works of Polish and Russian authors will be brought before the world.

Mr. T. Otto, a publisher in Prague, has devoted himself to systematic publication of English works and novels. The list of modern English novelists is headed by J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" and Meredith's "Richard Feverel." He has also published books by Ian Maclaren, Kipling, Mark Twain, T. B. Aldrich, Hugh Conway, and I. Zangwill. The most popular of his books seems to have been "Richard Feverel," which was received with enthusiasm by the Bohemians.

Among the volumes of souvenirs and reminiscences published in Paris lately, one of the most interesting is that by Barbey d'Aurevilly. It is entitled "Romanciers d'Hier et d'Avant Hier." Of Balzac d'Aurevilly is an ardent admirer. "A cette

heure," he says, "le génie de Balzac n'est discuté par personne. . . . Il avait dans le sang, et plus que personne puisqu'il était un génie français, cette goutte de lait maternel, cette propension au rire, à la comédie, à la gaité qui touche aux larmes, tant sa force épuise vite la nature humaine!" He declares that the secret of the great power of Balzac was that he put into his work so much "naïveté et bonhomie! Ni dans les arts, ni dans les lettres," he says, "pas de mérite suprême sans la naïveté et sans une bonhomie profonde."

Mr. Andrew Lang will publish at least two volumes in the autumn. One will bear the title, "The Secret of Totem." Mr. Lang has been interested in Totemism for many years, and may claim to rank as an original investigator in that subject. The other book is a short Life of Sir Walter Scott, which will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in their "Literary Lives" Series. It may be said with perfect confidence that no living man knows Scott as Mr. Lang knows him.

O. O.



"AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE."—"As You Like It."

SHAKSPEARE ACCORDING TO THE MOTORIST.

THE RETORT OBVIOUS AND DISCOURTEOUS.



THE STOUT AND NERVOUS LADY: Can you see me across the street, please, Constable?

THE POLICEMAN: Lor' bless yer, yes, Mum! Why, I believe I could see yer 'arf-a-mile orf!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

NO CONNECTION WITH THE BARTON-RAWSON AIRSHIP!



THE PROBLEM OF AËRIAL NAVIGATION SOLVED!

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SCANDALS OF SIGNA.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

No. III.—COMPLICATED BY A 'RICKSHAW.

IT must have been Signa's preternatural calm that induced Lady Jane to consent.

When Mrs. Walter Sherringham wrote from Durban to implore Signa to come round from Cape Town and stay with her at the Royal Hotel, while Captain Sherringham was acting as "A.D.C." to the General, Lady Jane groaned in spirit, for they had but lately arrived in Cape Town, where she was trying to forget the voyage in the peace of the Mount Nelson Hotel. Then she had an inspiration. There was a certain Mrs. Lacey staying there also, an estimable lady who was going up the coast in the *Tintern Abbey*. She could take Signa with her, and Lady Jane could join her daughter later, unless Providence provided another chaperon for the return journey. To be sure, Mrs. Lacey was only going as far as East London, but few male passengers were going up the coast, and since the accident which had robbed the *Waltham Abbey* of her Third Officer Signa had seemed to have a horror of uniforms. Both Lady Jane and Mrs. Lacey were perfectly satisfied—the former to see Signa off to join her old friend, Mrs. Sherringham, in Natal, the latter with her conduct on the voyage. Mrs. Lacey, indeed, was so pleased with her discretion that she parted from her with regret, and, if the boat had been going to stay longer, would have asked her to come ashore and see something of East London.

But the *Tintern Abbey* got up her anchor, and Signa waved her handkerchief after the retreating tug and then subsided into the deck-chair with a sigh. And then, and not until then, the Purser approached her with a rather diffident air and a telegram.

"Have you not seen this, Miss Churston?" he said. "It has been lying on the table in the saloon."

"Thank you!" said Signa, as she opened it. "I haven't left the deck this morning. I suppose that is how I missed it."

"It came on board as soon as we anchored," ventured the Purser, lingering. "There had been no invitation in Miss Churston's manner to the officers of the boat, so that the man who lingered near her did so at his own risk."

But Signa did not gracefully dismiss him as usual, because she was staring at the telegram—

Cannot be in Durban till the 24th. Unavoidable delay. So sorry.

SHERRINGHAM.

"This is the 22nd," said Signa, faintly. "When do we reach Durban?"

"Oh, to-morrow morning at latest. I hope nothing is wrong?"

"Oh no—my friends are delayed joining me until a day later, that is all!" said Signa. "Thank you—it is no great matter. I can go to the hotel," she added, more coldly.

The officer retreated, snubbed. Signa re-read her telegram, and smiled a little in her old fashion for the first time for many weeks.

"Poor, dear mother!" she said, with a gentle sigh.

They made Durban Bluff about noon the next day, and the passengers stayed on board to lunch. Then the delay of getting the luggage lowered into the tug, and themselves after it, and the crossing the Bar, and passing the Customs, so that, altogether, it was five o'clock before Signa found herself deposited in state at the Royal, an independent, unquestioned freewoman for twenty-four hours at least by the force of circumstances. Her first action was to engage a room and order tea to be sent to it; her next to ask for a time-table and find out when Mrs. Sherringham really would arrive.

"Good!" said Signa, when she had satisfied herself on this point. "Twenty-four hours clear. We shall see what can be done."

Of her experiences between her arrival and the dinner-hour no one could judge, as she was invisible in her room; but she emerged, when the gong sounded, daintily attired, demure, with cast-down eyes, but a little air of delightful *sang-froid* and self-possession as she took her seat at the dinner-table. The very waiters succumbed, and their bare feet lingered about Signa's chair, while white-linen arms and dusky hands offered her the choicest dishes. Signa was hungry; she smiled upon the coolies, in their white linen and turbans—but upon no one else as yet.

Nevertheless, she could have passed an examination in the other diners at her table. They numbered nine in all, and eight were uninteresting in Signa's eyes. The ninth sat at her left—or rather, she sat upon his right, for he took the foot of the table. He was a fair, bearded man, whose hair was thinning slightly on the top of his head and whose dress-coat sat loosely on his broad shoulders. Perhaps because he was past his first youth, he kept his eyes on his plate and seemed absorbed in his dinner.

"About thirty-eight or forty," was Signa's comment. "I don't like beards, as a rule—but his suits him. Now, shall the water-bottle introduce me, or the salt?"

"Salmon, Meez?" said the waiter.

Signa cast an appealing look at her neighbour. "Is it safe to eat salmon here?" she said, laughing.

He raised a pair of beautiful grey eyes, and smiled back kindly. "Oh, I think I should," he said. "It has only been on ice for a month or so. It is imported from England, and considered a great dainty here."

"Ugh!" said Signa. "A month! How *can* you?"

"I assure you that I think nothing of that hereabouts. You are a stranger to Durban?"

"To Africa and its terrors in general. I came out to Cape Town a fortnight ago with my mother, and I came on here to join a friend who has failed me—she is not coming until to-morrow."

"You are alone, then?"

"Until to-morrow."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her. "What a shame!" he said.

"Isn't it?" said Signa, and her eyes danced. "And I am so nervous! Two great, black giants came to my room with my luggage and brought me hot water. I hardly dare to ring my bell now. Are there *no* women servants here?"

"None to speak of. They are all Zulu boys. Don't you think they are fine fellows? I rather like them to wait on me—it is a change."

"No!" said Signa, pouting. "They are too black and too large!"

He laughed softly; but, indeed, the very quality of his voice was soft and pleasant—a voice with that elusive echo of a county in it that proclaimed him an Englishman and not a Colonist born and bred. "We are inclined to think anything a luxury after the Kafirs. If you had been to Johannesburg—"

"Ah, you are a Johannesburg man?"

"I live there—in times of peace."

"I do so long to go!" said Signa, confidentially. "And, unfortunately, I said so; so, of course, Mother won't come."

"Ah—!"

"Mother has got to that stage in our intercourse when she understands me. Isn't it a pity when parents begin to do that?"

"Is it?"

"Ah, of course—you are a man! No man knows anything about the sorrows of girls. Tell me about Johannesburg."

"It would take some telling. What are you thinking of doing to-night?"

"Listening to you while you talk!" said Signa, audaciously. "I really can't sit in frigid loneliness all the evening because Mrs. Sherringham has failed me—can I?"

"Of course not! But if you don't know Durban—"

"So we might!"

"Exactly!" he said, and laughed again in his soft fashion. "Have you finished dinner?"

"I am ready now. Is it cold enough for a wrap?"

"You had better have a shawl—the wind might be cool, riding."

"I won't be a minute!" said Signa, enthusiastically, and dived into her room, to reappear with a fleecy white shawl thrown over her head and shoulders. "Please tell me how we ride here?"

"In 'rickshaws generally. Mind the step—this is the way out of the hotel."

They passed out together into the stilly night, left the hotel behind

them, and found themselves in the road. It looked quite a different place to Signa since her arrival in the afternoon. The darkness had blotted out everything of commonplace in the surroundings; the atmosphere was soft and warm and scented, while the white buildings gleamed out against an inky background of night. In the sky above their heads the stars were trailed in hot white lines across the heavens, nor was there any moon to lessen their light.

Signa's companion crossed the road and returned with the 'rickshaw, a big Zulu between the shafts. "I chose a fine specimen, as he has to carry double," he said, drily, and offered her his hand to help her in. Signa settled herself with a sigh of pure enjoyment. She had not lived for the space of three weeks; the blood that seemed to have stagnated in her veins began to run red again.

"Now I wonder what your mother—or, indeed, any of your people—would say if they could see you riding round Durban in a 'rickshaw at ten o'clock at night with a man you don't know," he said, as the boy sprang forward and ran swiftly through the lighted streets.

"So do I," said Signa, amicably. "I should like to hear them—shouldn't you? They have a fine command of language!"

"But I am very glad you came, and I am quite capable of taking care of you."

"Are you?" said Signa, turning her charming face in its white frame to him. "Well, I think, on the whole, that, if they could hear you, that would surprise my relations much more than my riding in a 'rickshaw with you!"

"You give yourself a terrible character."

"I assure you that it is deserved—I believe it is one of my chief charms."

"I wonder how you know that you have charms?"

"Because I like myself so much, to be sure. I sometimes look in the glass and say, 'Signa, I believe I could forgive you anything!' I couldn't say that if I were not nice, could I?"

"Unless you prided yourself on your charity."

"That is not a nice speech after my civility in keeping you company to-night."

"No, it is not. Forget it. So your name is Signa?"

"And yours?"

"Will Mark do?"

"Admirably—for I do not know if it is Christian or surname. Shall I call you Mr. Mark?"

"That would be telling."

"So it would. We will manage in this way, then. I will be Lady Signa, for the nonce, and you shall be Lord Mark."

He laughed, as if very much amused at some secret humour.

"Are you comfortable, Lady Signa?" he said.

"Entirely!"

"Happy?"

"Very. Oh, don't you hope that Heaven will be something like this? I am so afraid of the ordinary idea of Heaven; but if it could be like the best times on Earth, only with all the after-regrets and drawbacks left out, I would just long to go there!"

"It is to be something superior to Earth, isn't it?"

"But that is just what I don't want. I am quite satisfied—just now, for instance! If they give us a summer night, and a ride through such perfect, intoxicating air as this—with just a spice of adventure!—they cannot improve on it."

"But the adventure presupposes you are risking a law. There will be no laws to break, you know—you can't do wrong there!"

"How deadly dull!" sighed Signa. "But don't you think that Providence might set aside some few hours in the week—say, Saturday afternoon—on which to give us the power to be naughty? It would be too hard on human nature otherwise."

They had reached the long stretch of sandy beach, and the 'rickshaw had halted. Signa and her companion got out and strolled down the firm, white sand, while the Zulu boy waited. Behind them, from the long road that ran abruptly into the very sand, came the glare of an electric-lamp. It had a queer, incongruous effect here, almost at the end of civilisation as the wild, dark coast-line looked.

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" he asked, abruptly.

"I don't know. Wait for Blanche, I suppose."

"Your friend does not come till the afternoon, when I shall have to leave for Delagoa. Will you get up early and see Durban by daylight? You have got no idea of it to-night."

"I am open to any plan for my own entertainment."

"Well, we must be getting back now, I am afraid. I don't want you to oversleep yourself to-morrow."

"I shall not talk going home," said Signa, seriously, as they set off again. "I want to just enjoy it."

So they sat in silence, shoulder to shoulder, their arms touching as familiarly as though they had Society's leave. And the scent of some half-tropical plant hung in the starlit air, and made the world remember that it had once been called Paradise.

They alighted before the hotel in silence, and loitered through the passages and into Ulundi Square together. Signa's room opened into the glass-roofed lounge. She paused at her own door and held out her hand.

"Good-night, Lord Mark."

"Good-night, my Lady."

"Have I been a good girl?"

"Very! I will write and tell your mother so, if you like."

"I am afraid," said Signa, with a sigh, "that she might not believe you."

"No—that is widely probable," he said, with yet another smile.

They met in the early morning, under the glass roof and the palms in Ulundi Square, for they both issued from their respective rooms at the same instinctive moment. Signa held out both her hands to him.

"Good-morning! Isn't it indeed good?" she said. "Was there ever such a day? The sun woke me—he makes a better servant than the Zulu boys! And I have had my coffee and rolls, and I am quite ready!"

"All in one breathless hurry, in fact," he said, and his grey eyes smiled as warmly as the sun. "Come along—we are a good hour ahead of the hotel breakfast."

"I was supremely happy last night," said Signa, musingly, as they went out into the morning together. "Rapturously so."

"And are you not happy this morning?"

"Yes, but not in the same way. Morning happiness and night happiness are never the same thing. I was intoxicated last night—I am quite sober this morning."

"Sober, are you? If you could but see your own eyes! There is not a spark of sobriety in them!"

"Who could be sober in a 'rickshaw?" said Signa, contrarily, as they swung over the smooth road. "How much more evenly we go than in a carriage! A man's trot is infinitely superior to a horse's."

"He is the better animal—sometimes."

"I shall start a 'rickshaw in London. I see advantages in it. Why do you laugh?"

"Nothing—it was very rude of me. I only thought——"

"Do tell me!"

"That your friends might appreciate the advantages, too."

"I don't care what you thought. How horrid of you!"

"No; please forgive me. There is really no room to allow of a draught between us. And I did not venture to say that I appreciated the advantages!"

"No," said Signa, calmly. "That is my just cause of complaint."

The whirring of the wheels ran through their laughter, and the green Berea flashed past them on either hand. The bungalows were still asleep in the broad sunshine, and all Durban and her parti-coloured girdle of green hills joining blue seas lay below.

"It is very lonely," said Signa. "Let us get out on the grass, and give our boy time to rest."

So they sat on the ridge of the hillside which tumbles down into Durban, and heard the crickets discussing their plans for the next day. They made a singing noise that sounded wonderfully like Signa's name.

"Hush! They are calling me!" she said.

"Signa—Signa—Signa!" sang the crickets.

"I wish I were not leaving Durban so soon!" said Lord Mark, tossing bamboo twigs down the grassy slope.

"We have some hours yet," said Signa. "I never meet the end of a good thing before it comes."

And yet it seemed to her that the day simply melted away, and the racing hours brought her to the quay and his departure before she had realised her own careless words. He was going on up to Delagoa in a smaller boat, which, being able to cross the Bar, had berthed in the harbour—unlike the *Zintern Abbey*, which still swung idly on her anchors in the outer ring of the blue sea. Signa looked at the great, white sides of the boat which was to bear him away with childish dislike.

"There is the bell!" he said, starting. "And we have spent this last five minutes saying absolutely nothing to each other!"

Signa brought her eyes slowly from the gang-plank to his face. "There was nothing—to say——," she said. "There never is—at the end."

He held out his hand and she laid hers in it.

"Good-bye, Lord Mark."

"Good-bye," he said. "Good-bye, little girl!"

He dropped her hand gently and ran up the gang-plank. Signa stood and watched the boat swing out into the bay and turn round, her eyes raised half-wistfully to a figure leaning over the side. He crossed the deck as the boat turned, and remained looking back at the shore, still within sight, until the steamer had panted her way across the Bar out to the changing, open seas. . . .

It was only an hour later that Mrs. Sherringham, alighting from her train, was met on the platform by Signa, who hugged her tempestuously.

"My dear girl!" she said; "I hope you got my telegram? I thought you might be able to stay on at East London with your friend and come through by train. I am sorry for you! What have you found to do? Have you been horribly bored?"

"Blanche!" said Signa, clinging to her with nervous force, "if you had been one moment later, I should have gone down to the beach and drowned myself! How I hate being alone! How I hate thinking!"

"Poor Signa! Was there no conquest to make? Did no male thing succumb during these wasted hours?"

"No," said Signa, absently. "He did not succumb, Blanche. I have a horrible fear that, had anyone succumbed, it would have been I!"

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE announcement that Mr. Arthur Bouchier has decided to produce "The Merchant of Venice" at the Garrick Theatre is interesting from many points of view. It will be the first Shaksperian production he has made at the Garrick, if, indeed, it will not be the first time a Shakspeare play has been given at that house. It will also, it need hardly be said, be the first time Mr. Bouchier has played the part on the professional stage, though it will not be his first appearance in that character, for when he was at Oxford he acted Shylock in the New Theatre, which he was instrumental in having built. Many things have happened, however, since those days, and the Shylock of next season will naturally be something quite different from the performance of the enthusiastic undergraduate who devoted so much of his leisure to amateur acting.

Interest will likewise attach to the Portia of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who has acted in Shakspeare far more recently than Mr. Bouchier, for it will be remembered that she played the Countess Olivia in Mr. Daly's revival of "Twelfth Night" at Daly's, and she had previously been a member of Sir Henry Irving's Company at the Lyceum, where she was Anne Boleyn in "Henry the Eighth."

How far this arrangement of Mr. Bouchier's will interfere with Mr. Beerbohm Tree's often-talked-of suggestion of reviving "The Merchant"—if, indeed, it will interfere with it at all—remains to be seen. During the last few weeks we have had two Hamlets at the West-End, so there is no reason why there should not be two Shylocks within a stone's-throw of one another. Besides, the opportunity of seeing two such highly gifted yet two such differently endowed actors as Mr. Tree and Mr. Bouchier in the same character ought to go far to stimulate interest in both revivals, and public interest is the very life-blood of the theatre.

To-morrow evening has been definitely chosen for the production of "The Lucky Miss Dean," which Mr. Sidney Bowkett calls "a little comedy," thus adding another to the growing list of descriptive titles. It will be noticed that the spelling of the name is now in conformity with that used in *The Sketch* last week. The play, in which Miss Ethel Irving will appear, is to be preceded by a comedy in one Act, by Lady Bell and the late Mr. Arthur Cecil, and entitled "Time is Money," in which Mr. Charles Hawtrey plays the lead.

When, at the end of the week, Mr. Hayden Coffin leaves the cast of "Véronique" at the Apollo, and severs his connection with Mr. George Edwardes' Management, the part of Florestan will be transferred to Mr. Gordon Cleather, who will thus be given the opportunity of making a strong bid for a permanent place among the actor-singers of the West-End, for he has been Mr. Hayden Coffin's understudy for a long time.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith may, not inaptly, be said to be returning to first principles in his new four-Act play, "The Duffer," which he is to produce on or about Aug. 21 at the Comedy Theatre. It deals with a little corner of student art-life in London, a subject forming the basis of his earliest dramatic work, "A Com-

mission," which was produced at the Court as part of the famous triple bill. It enjoyed a run of a year and a half, and even now its popularity is by no means exhausted, for it is so often played by amateur societies that the fees from that source alone must make a pleasant little income. It is, without doubt, the success of the little play which prompted Mr. Weedon Grossmith to treat the art theme on a larger canvas. Whatever may be the fortune of "The Duffer," one thing is certain, that the subject of Mr. Weedon Grossmith's work is one which he has at his fingers' ends. As most people are aware, he is one of the most accomplished of the actors who paint, and his work has often been exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and other exhibitions. His chief art-training was obtained at the Royal Academy School, which, probably for the first time in its history, will be represented on the stage, for it will form one of the scenes.

A rumour has gained a certain currency that "The Duffer" is merely a tentative title. This is incorrect. No other name will be used, for it describes the part which Mr. Grossmith will himself play. It is a humorous character, and its antithesis, an enthusiastic artist who is a genius, will be acted by Mr. Henry Ainley, who will have what the author regards as by far the most important part in the play. Among the other well-known actors engaged are Miss Gertrude Kingston and Miss Annie Hill, Mr. W. T. Lovell, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, and Mr. Oscar Adye.

Nowhere does the unexpected happen more often than in Stageland. Although the statement published in *The Sketch* two or three weeks ago that Mr. Forbes-Robertson intended opening the Scala with Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" came from the highest possible source and expressed the intention which prevailed at the time, the scheme of the popular actor's campaign has been modified, and he intends to produce another play, the authorship of which, like the title, must remain for the present undivulged. So far as the title goes, the reason for this is that it has not yet been finally

decided, although "Morven" has been spoken of. Whether the author's name will be made known is a question which is problematical. All that can be stated with certainty is that he—or can it be she, or they? for collaboration is too common nowadays to be ignored in the case of an unnamed writer—belongs to the ranks of the so-called great unacted.



AN UNCOMMON SEA-BATHER: "BIG LIZ" TAKES HER MORNING DIP AT BLACKPOOL.

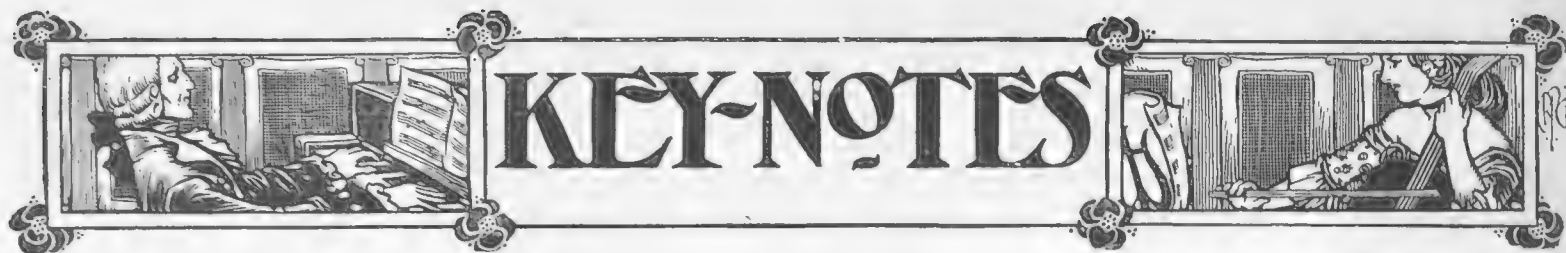
"Big Liz" is a member of Bostock's Great Animal Arena at Blackpool, and she takes a sea-dip regularly every morning. That she enjoys it is abundantly evident from the fact that it is a good deal easier to get her into the water than it is to get her out of it.

Photograph by W. Kirk.



"THE WISHING GIRL": MISS MABEL LOVE AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



"LE ROI est mort : vive le Roi!" That is the simple yet subtle sentence which occurs to one at the end of the spring and summer musical season. London is, musically, quite silent now. All the sound of singers and the clamour of orchestra are gone; but to the musical critic the rest is of very doubtful value, for it seems to be growing up as a practice that a lull in music shall last for a brief enough time. Our autumn season will soon be upon us, involving opera and concert, and once more filling the ears of erstwhile holiday-makers with the music of the world. There may be some dissatisfied people who think that, so far as music goes, enough is as good as a feast. Are the critics among these dissatisfied people?

There will be, however, what may be described as a mid-season, between Aug. 19 and Oct. 28, of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. This is the time Mr. Henry Wood, with his fine instinct for the popular desire, from a musical point of view, has always chosen for the Promenades. Amateurs are only too glad to be present at these entertainments, and there are so many lovers of music who, unable for various reasons to follow the art round the world, are yet, under Mr. Henry Wood's influence, taste, and fine choice, introduced to all that is best and finest in an art which, at one time, was regarded as under the patronage only of the few.

There is no doubt as to the extent of Mr. Wood's influence on the orchestral work of the present day. The movement, originated by him years ago, towards raising an English Orchestra to the level of such combinations of musicians as those which worked under Nikisch, Lamoureux, and others, has met with a complete success. To him alone, on the musical side of the matter, the praise is due, and one trusts that his autumn season will be a success, as deservedly popular as it is bound to be artistic.

There has often been a controversy as to the relative merits of the various bands of the various theatres in London. It was, the present writer believes, Mr. J. F. Runciman who, in the pages of the *Saturday Review*, made a serious examination into the matter. His conclusion was that the music-halls—one writes from an absolutely musical point of view—were, in Macaulay's phrase, "Eclipse, and the rest nowhere." Certainly, it is not to be gainsaid that the "much-despised halls" have much opposition

to contend against in this matter of music; but, to take one instance only, we consider that it would be very difficult to match, in an ordinary way, the band (let us say) of the Palace Theatre of Varieties, which, purely for inquisitorial reasons, we visited a few days ago. We speak of the band pure and simple, not of its accompanying powers. In the interval, then, when the orchestra becomes, as it were, the solo performer, it proved its fine quality, under the direction of Mr. Herman Finck. One recalls that, of old, Newman, himself a strict member of a strictly dogmatic faith, declared that, for great religious teaching, it was "to Wesley you must go and to such as he." It is quite upon parallel lines that one says, without parody, if you desire excellent everyday music, it is to the halls you must go and to such as they.

Apart from the Gala performances, the season at Covent Garden has included the production of no less than seventy-three presentations of operas, which have embraced German, French, and Italian works. It has been very curious to note how taste changes with the changing years. "Carmen," for example, has been staged only twice—"Carmen," which, within a very few years, was one of the greatest draws the Opera could put forward in order to secure a full house. Wagner was given in the earlier portion of the season, and was practically neglected later on. In fact, the London audiences at Covent Garden seem to be passing through a singularly curious phase; they have not patronised the season of Italian Opera at the Waldorf Theatre very extensively, nor have they, apparently, taken very great interest in "the music of the future." The English

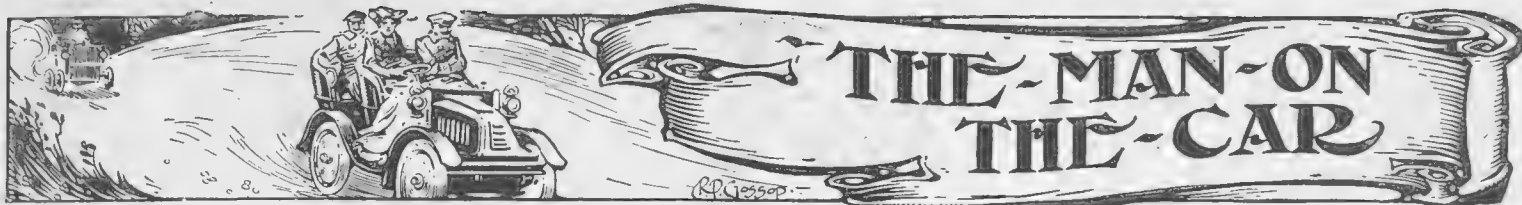
musical public is never quite sure of its own mind, save for this one thing—it requires respectable novelties: the novelty may be the most audacious composition possible; but, so long as the composer is universally recognised as a man of genius, that is a *cachet* of his respectability.

So the musical season comes to an end. Amongst the most popular halls one must rank the Bechstein—we say so much not wishing to be derogatory in the least to other halls doing excellent work in the musical centres of London. The Steinway Hall, the Æolian Hall, and, of course, the Queen's Hall, the work of which is done upon another scale, have well earned all possible praise for the fulfilment of right and reasonable ambitions. COMMON CHORD.



THE BARITONE (*aside*): Nah, then, 'Liza, let's 'ave one of yer 'igh notes. 'Ere comes a benevolent-lookin' old bloke!

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON.



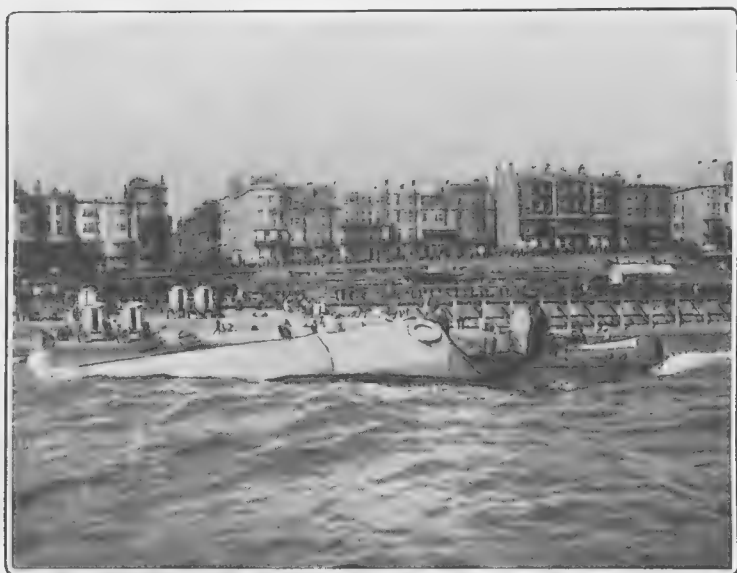
BRIGHTON TO BLACKPOOL—THE ACCIDENT TO MR. ARTHUR BROWN—AN OFFICIAL RETURN OF MOTOR-CARS, MOTOR-CYCLES, AND DRIVING-LICENCES—THE DOG ON THE CAR—ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR ENGLISH COMPETITORS IN THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-BOAT RACE—GOGGLES VERSUS A GLASS SCREEN.

FROM Brighton to Blackpool is but a step—at least, from the motorist's point of view. The powerful speed-monsters, the sedate touring-cars—comparatively sedate, I would be understood to say—the Maxim-like motor-cycles no sooner finished their speed-bursts upon the Marina of Brighthelmstone (old map) than they whisked themselves north to that watering-place on the Lancashire coast which every Lancashire-lad and lass believes to be the very last word in holiday resorts. From the repetition of a programme similar to that of last year's motor-meeting at Blackpool

The passion of the dog for motoring once he has experienced it is universally acknowledged, although, poor chap, he cannot tell us in so many words what he finds in the swift movement of the car which so enthral him. Whether, when perched on the driving-seat, he is upborne by a feeling of lofty superiority to all canines below, or whether he finds the rush of air in his face as fresh and delightful as do his masters and mistresses, who shall say? He cannot tell us, although he shows by his eagerness to mount a car—indeed, any car—that he gives place to no one in his love of the pastime. Dogs take their motoring curiously. They love to get as far forward as ever they can—indeed, I know of more than one who will get right out on the bonnet of a petrol-car if allowed to do so. And they will not suffer moving backwards for a moment. If one reverses, round they go in an instant, to look at once whither they are going. Yes, a dog is a good companion on a motor-car. The faster it is, the better he likes it. He knows no fear, and just peers forward all he can, wondering why the world in front is coming up so fast to meet him.

Yesterday, off Ryde, I. of W., were held the Eliminating Trials of the English motor-boats entered to compete for the honour of representing this country in the International Motor-Boat Race. It is to be hoped that this event will give the Napier boat another opportunity of showing a clean pair of heels to foreign competitors, and that whoever drives her will be careful to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the Rules before he goes for the line.

There is an increasing number of automobilists who gird at the necessity of wearing goggles when motoring. It is true that custom has staled the jeers with which all so equipped were once met by the country folk, but, though no longer making their wearers objects of derision, it must be admitted that they are always far from becoming, and frequently irksome to wear for long periods. Now it is not generally known that a glass screen mounted on the dashboard and carried up just high enough to be level with the top of the head of a passenger of average height will render the wearing of goggles



A BRITISH RACING MOTOR-BOAT AT WORK: "NAPIER II." CRUISING OFF BRIGHTON.

It will be remembered that "Napier II." was the boat which made the best time in the recent cross-Channel race, but was disqualified for not passing the technical finishing-line.

Photograph by "Topical Press."

during the past week, it is evident that the powers that direct the fortunes of that place are convinced of the drawing powers of motor-racing. At present, even speed-events between touring-cars may attract, but, unless some steps are taken to bring about closer finishes between all classes of automobiles entered, the public will quickly cry enough to this form of entertainment.

Although the Brighton Meeting cannot be said to have been marred by the sad accident sustained by Mr. Arthur Brown, of Luton, on the Rottingdean road, it is, nevertheless, greatly to be regretted that so sad an incident should have happened during the Brighton week, and to one of the cars and drivers coloured upon the card. We cannot hope to learn the exact train of events which led up to the smash until Mr. Brown himself is sufficiently recovered. The provoking cause must have been something out of the common, for Mr. Brown is an old and tried driver, and could not make a mistake likely to end so disastrously.

In the *Autocar* of 22nd ult. is given a very full and complete return of the motor-cars and motor-cycles registered and the driving-licences issued from July 1, 1904, to June 30, 1905. A return in detail is made for each registering and licensing authority in the United Kingdom, but the sum-totals alone will interest the majority. In England, 26,890 cars, 29,535 motor-cycles, and 791 heavy cars were registered. In Wales the number of cars was 784, motor-cycles 1,194, and heavy cars 29. Scotland accounted for 2,382 cars, 2,156 motor-cycles, and 24 heavies. Ireland did better than Wales, for she presents the respectable total of 1,073 cars, 1,821 motor-cycles, and 24 heavies, in the last-named dead-heating with Scotland. The grand totals for the United Kingdom are: cars 31,129, motor-cycles 34,706, and heavies 868. The percentage of increase in the number of pleasure-cars registered in 1905 over those registered in the previous year in the whole country is 69.73 per cent., and of motor-cycles 61.26 per cent. And these surprising figures deal with a mode of locomotion and an industry which an effete and purblind magistracy is endeavouring to strangle, out of sheer prejudice.



ANOTHER "HEAVIER THAN AIR" AIRSHIP: M. ARCHDEACON'S AÉROPLANE ON THE SEINE.

The recent trial of M. Archdeacon's aéroplane, controlled by M. Voisin, met with rather more success than many people, recognising the difficulties attendant upon the construction of a "heavier than air" airship, would have cared to prophesy. The aéroplane was towed against the wind by the motor-boat "Antoinette," with the aëronaut in his place. Directly the "Antoinette" was going at full speed, the aéroplane rose in the air, kite fashion, and kept at a height of about fifteen feet above the water for a distance of some hundred and fifty feet.

Photograph supplied by Parks Press Studio.

quite unnecessary, in addition to keeping the air from impinging forcibly upon the face, which is not always a pleasurable thing when maintained for any length of time. Seated behind such a screen, ladies have no necessity to wear special head-gear or rigidly anchor that which they do wear.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

GOODWOOD—THE ST. LEGER—THIRSTY SOULS—SHORT COMMONS.

THE racing at Goodwood this week should be fairly interesting, but the time has arrived to strengthen the programme with the aid of two or three £1,000 handicaps. The two-year-old racing is fairly good, but there is no Coventry Stakes, as at Ascot, to attract a big field. The Goodwood Plate looks something like a gift for Saltpetre, who won the race last year; and I may here state that Willie Lane's father told me overnight that he thought his boy would win, as he was so handy round the turns. I think Willie Lane is the best jockey I ever saw riding in long-distance races at Ascot and Goodwood. He clung to the rails for the whole circuit, and never went a foot out of his way. I am glad to hear that Lane, who is on a voyage round the world, is improving, and is likely to be seen in the saddle once more at the beginning of next year. The Goodwood Cup may be won by Chatsworth, who, it is said, has been specially prepared for the race. Now that His Majesty the King has broken the ice with Mead, it is to be hoped that the Royal colours may be seen to the front on several future occasions. The report that His Majesty is going to give up racing and simply breed bloodstock for sale is never likely to be realised, as our King takes the liveliest interest in the running of his racehorses.

Many people think that because Val d'Or gained such an easy victory over Cicero at Sandown for the Eclipse Stakes the race for the St. Leger is all over bar shouting. I am not of their opinion, and I should not be at all surprised to see both Cicero and Llangibby finish in front of the French colt on the Town Moor, while there is Cherry Lass to be reckoned with. The latter, who will be ridden by H. Jones,

is said to be very smart and very fit. She was highly tried before running for the Oaks, which she won in very fast time. Many good judges think that Val d'Or was running on at the finish of the Sandown race. That may be, but there are others who contend that Llangibby would have won in a trot had the distance been a quarter of a mile further. One thing I am confident of is this: Had the race started at the stands and finished on the flat, Cicero must have won by a length. It was

improvement, and he looks like a Leger horse. The market on the last of the classics should be a very lively one indeed.

The recent warm spell caused a run to be made on the drinking-bars at our principal race-meetings, but the supply was quite equal to the demand. There are scores of men who go racing without touching either bit or drop on the course. Mr. Robert Topping still indulges in grapes, and the leviathan backer, Mr. Charles Hannam, goes in for nothing stronger than claret-cup, and not much of that. Cherries, tomatoes, and Tasmanian apples are in great request, while ices for the ladies are to be had at the majority of the Club-meetings. Not many years back, it was hardly possible to get sufficient water to dilute one's whisky at Goodwood. Now the supply is inexhaustible, while the mineral-waters purveyed at the Ducal Meeting are of the very best, and plain soda-water off the ice is the chief drink of visitors. True, the champagne-buffets do a good trade among the rich. Concerning this I really must tell a little story. I met, a day or two back, a well-known racegoer who is a director of one of the best racecourses in England. He told me that for fifty years the doctors had forbidden him champagne, as being bad for his gout, but that he had imbibed the wine for forty-five years, and never felt better in his life than at present.

At several meetings lately there have been only five races, owing to one race resulting in a walk-over. Clerks of Courses many years

ago were pestered by writers on the Sporting Press into confining their programmes to six races per day; but the regulation races of one mile and upwards often fail to draw, and in any case they are of little

or no interest to either bookmaker or backer. I contend, therefore, that all programmes should contain not less than seven items, to provide against void races and walk-overs. I wonder the bookmakers have not protested against the present state of affairs. As I have many times before hinted, the expenses of going racing have reached breaking-point, and now comes a shortage in the programmes which militates against both layer and punter. It rests now with Clerks of Courses not to take regulation plates into the reckoning when compiling their programmes. It is a remarkable fact that owners will not have horses trained to run in mile-and-a-half races unless the stakes are well worth the winning. As matters stand, one or two owners farm the majority of these races, to the detriment of the sport in general.



THE NEW AMATEUR SCULLING CHAMPION OF THE THAMES: MR. HARRY T. BLACKSTAFFE, VESTA ROWING CLUB.

By beating Mr. St. George Ashe, the holder of the Wingfield Sculls, last week, Mr. Blackstaffe became Amateur Sculling Champion for the third time, his previous wins having been in 1897 and 1901. The successful oarsman was thirty-seven on Friday of last week, and, so, may fairly be reckoned among the veterans. The Wingfield Sculls are contained in a mahogany box bearing two brass tablets; one of these records that "These sculls were in the year 1830 presented by Henry C. Wingfield to the amateur scullers on the Thames, to be held by the best for the time being on condition of his rowing at the half-flood from Westminster to Putney against all challengers annually on the tenth day of August for ever"; the other details the changing of the scene of the race to the University course—Putney to Mortlake.



ITALY'S SHARPSHOOTERS AT DRILL: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE BERSAGLIERI AT JUMPING PRACTICE.

Photograph by A. Croce.

the Sandown hill that killed the chance of Lord Rosebery's colt, who ran very differently at Epsom in the race down from Tattenham Corner. I think the Town Moor track will just suit Cicero, and I am certain that the extra distance will not militate against his prospect of winning. I shall expect to see Cicero and Llangibby finish in front of Val d'Or at Doncaster. Mr. Gilpin's colt is open to



ITALY'S SHARPSHOOTERS AT DRILL: AN OFFICER OF THE BERSAGLIERI TAKING A HIGH JUMP IN FULL EQUIPMENT.

Photograph by A. Croce.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

NOW that the Londoner proper is going, going, or gone, French, American, and sundry country cousins pervade the hot, dusty, unsavoury streets of the Metropolis, not realising, probably, the relation that town of to-day and town of six weeks ago bear to each other. Why they should perennially select the two most unlovely months of the year in London for their outing to that city, when its curl-papers are up and its holland bibs on, concealing all pristine finery, is a puzzle, and will so remain. Streets upon streets with closely shuttered windows must always present a dismal appearance; when added to that are dozens of agents' boards announcing the significant legend, "To be Let or Sold," the picture is complete.

Is it a sign of the long-continued "bad times" that so many houses in all the best parts are in the market? The agents say "Yes," and they ought to know.

Quite seven or eight big mansions in Park Lane itself have been available all during the Season, a new order of things, indeed, for that once exclusive thoroughfare. It is said that Bloomsbury is to be taken in hand and made the abode of smart folk once more; but it will take some time to eject the boarding-house keeper from his haunt and restore those fine old houses to condition fitting the company for which they were built. The entrance-halls and noble staircases and lofty reception-rooms in numerous streets of the West Central district put to shame the meagre proportions of many newly erected "residences in red brick." A map of social London which would point out where to live and what to avoid would afford some instructive information for the uninitiated. Bloomsbury and Bayswater, like Rome, have had their Decline and Fall, and at the moment our favourite abiding-places are built over what might have been called Slum Land twenty-five years ago. With the advance of motors, Fashion will, doubtless, become partly decentralised, for, if folk can fly from one point of the compass to another at something like a mile a minute, it becomes of less moment to exist exactly in the middle of things, as has been the aim of everybody who could afford it up to the present.

Judging from the appearance of many women one sees about in this melting weather, a little less care for dress and more solicitude for the complexion would help them to a vastly improved exterior. Women who will willingly hold interviews, reckless of cost, with fashionable milliners and modistes, not to mention jewellers, will yet issue forth with a highly polished nose-tip or a much-mottled skin, apparently oblivious of these drawbacks or forgetful of how easily they might be cured. Half-an-hour with Mrs. Adair, at 90, New Bond Street, will set all that right, however. Great are the effects of her Ganesh Eastern Muscle Oil, her Diable Tonic, her Marville Drops on skin, eyes, eyelids; astonishing the results on fragile femininity of her massage, lotions, exercises, and electric treatment. Every one, in fact, who wants to look twenty at forty and forty at sixty should interview her. Mrs. Adair has the method of putting the clock back quite twenty years—which, all things considered, is a little more than merely something.

It seems slightly imprudent for a reverend gentleman to tell the horror-stricken Wesleyan Conference that railway-barmails are specially inattentive between the hours of midnight and four a.m. Perhaps he is right, but what, we would ask, is the reverend gentleman doing at railway-stations or anywhere else at such ungodly hours? He should be safely tucked up in his "virtuous downy," and the momentous question be left for solution to such abandoned persons as journalists, who, as we learn from every novel that deals with their sinful mode of life, seldom or never go to bed. Also, what does the reverend gentleman mean by "ordinary refreshments"? We ask more in sorrow than in anger, and echo refuses to answer, "Buns and milk." What is this pastor's particular "wanity" which fails to arouse any interest in the sleepy barmaid? There is no evidence

before the Court that it is not "dog's-nose"—and what that delicious drink is may be learnt from the report of the proceedings of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, of which an interesting summary was published some years ago by the late Mr. Charles Dickens. Meanwhile, it may be noted that the Wesleyan Conference, at the instance of this decidedly nocturnal pastor, resolved to ask the Railway Companies to put men behind the counters at midnight, but up to the time of going to press we have not heard that the Conference intends to pay the cost of this drastic measure.

Hot weather produces thirst—which, in turn, induces a desire to assuage it, which, furthermore, is most satisfactorily accomplished by the consumption of ice-cream soda and other cunning American concoctions at Fuller's cool and comforting

tea-rooms, 209, Regent Street. Here, also, one finds delicious tea deliciously served, dainty Transatlantic "drinks" suitable for sultry weather, and a dozen other original specialities "ungetatable" elsewhere. Fuller's is decidedly the paradise of Metropolitan wayfarers—and never more than at this actual grilling moment.

I hear that a curious experiment has been made by a merchant of Antwerp. During the recent races of carrier-pigeons between France and Belgium, he caught a swallow, which had made its nest under the eaves of his roof, marked the bird, and confided it to a friend who was going to Compiègne with 250 baskets of carrier-pigeons belonging to the Confédération Colombophile. The swallow was set free at seven the next morning, at the same time as the pigeons, and started homewards without losing a moment, while the pigeons, as their wont is, made a number of spirals in the air before starting. At eight minutes past eight the swallow was back in its nest again, while the first of the pigeons did not arrive until a quarter past eleven. The swallow had flown the 235 kilometres, from Compiègne to its home, in one hour and seven minutes—at the rate, that is, of 207 kilometres an hour, or nearly four times the speed of the pigeons. Perhaps swallow-post is the communication of the future. It certainly compares well with the speed of the average telegram, which takes two hours, at least, from Charing Cross to, shall we say, the Strand?

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JOSEPHINE (Dinard).—I sympathise with your shiny nose, but why continue to suffer? Madame Pomeroy, 29, Old Bond Street, has a new face-powder that really sticks on. Write to her for it. SYBIL.



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL WALKING-COSTUME.

Holiday-makers should certainly obtain one of the A. B. C. programmes setting forth the excursions run from London to the Midlands and

the North by the Great Central Railway Company. The programme for August and September announces special facilities for travel to over two hundred towns every Saturday of the season, instead of fortnightly, as in previous years. Special non-stop excursions are run every Sunday this month and next to Cleethorpes-on-Sea for the low fare of 4s. 3d. return. Copies of the programme can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's town offices and agencies.

The Midland Company's programme of Bank Holiday excursions is particularly full, and gives details of special trips to Belfast and the North of Ireland, Dublin and the South and West of Ireland, Londonderry, the North of England, the Midlands, and Scotland, as well as trips to Southend and Westgate-on-Sea. Tickets can be obtained in advance at any of the Company's stations and booking-offices, or from any office of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son.

The Great Western Railway Company announces that many of its principal expresses will be run in two parts during the days preceding



AN ADMIRABLE SPORTING-COAT AT MR. KENNETH DUNWARD'S, CONDUIT STREET, W.: THE "BALMACAAN" CONDUIT COAT.

It is claimed that the "Balmacaan" Conduit Coat is an ideal sporting-coat for shooting, racing, etc., as it gives perfect freedom in any position. It is made from real, undyed Harris, Donegal, and Kenmare hand-woven tweeds.

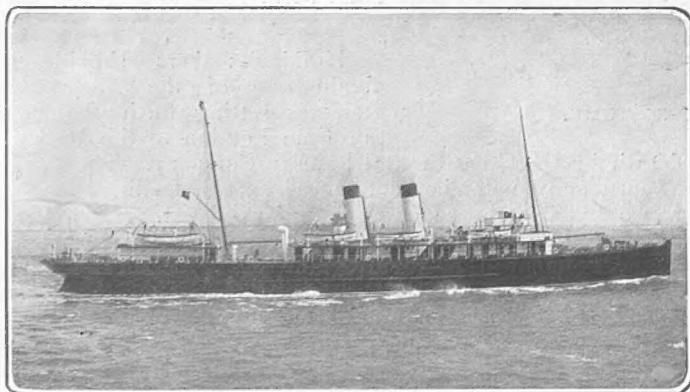
"adjustments," "tyres," "lubrication," "interchangeable parts," and "cleaning."

Most visitors to beautiful Goodwood have the reputation for knowing a good thing. We understand that they will not experience anything in the shape of disappointment, for John Dewar and Sons, Limited, have again secured the right to sell their splendid old Scotch Whisky at the meeting, and will have their famous "Victoria Vat" brand on sale.

the Bank Holiday, and that several additional long-distance non-stop expresses will also be provided. The Company has issued pamphlets giving full details of its arrangements, and these can be obtained, post free, from the Enquiry Office, Paddington, or at the Company's stations and offices.

Messrs. Dean and Dawson, Limited, the well-known tourist-agents, whose chief office is at 82, Strand, have introduced a very convenient method for individual travel abroad, whereby any person or parties can have their itinerary arranged in every detail by the firm. Messrs. Dean and Dawson have an experience of over thirty years, but hitherto their business has been confined chiefly to the North. Now that they are in London, many are likely to find it to their advantage to consult them.

In view of the increasing popularity of the bicycle, "The Book of the Bicycle," issued by Messrs. Rudge-Whitworth and Co., Ltd., of Coventry, will find many readers. The aim of the little work is to give the owner a complete understanding of the famous Rudge-Whitworth cycle, and there is no doubt that it succeeds in that end. It is divided into six sections—"unpacking,"



THE INAUGURATION OF THE TURBINE SERVICE BETWEEN FOLKESTONE AND BOULOGNE: THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER "ONWARD."

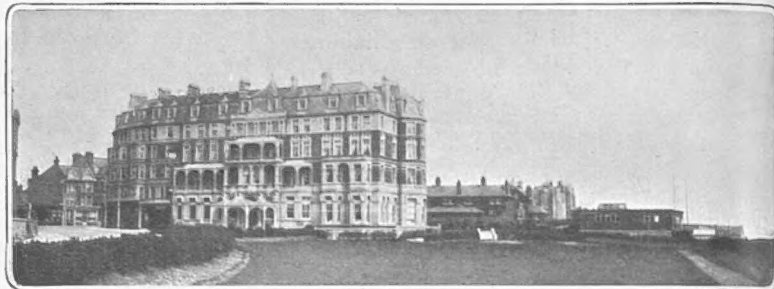
The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company's accelerated service between Folkestone and Boulogne was inaugurated a few days ago by the new turbine-steamer "Onward." The vessel, which has a sister ship, the "Invicta" (which is to begin running soon), is 310 feet long, with a beam of 40 feet, and a depth of 24 feet. Both vessels are splendidly appointed in every detail, and in connection with them the Company is running new special trains. The boats are fitted with Parson's turbines, and also with the Stone-Lloyd system of closing bulkhead doors, by means of which, in the unfortunate event of a collision, all the compartments of the vessel can be shut at one action by a lever under the hand of an officer on the bridge.

Photograph by Harris.

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

"A Peerage or Westminster Abbey."

This famous sentiment will have to be modified in view of the Dean of Westminster's somewhat extraordinary conduct in cutting down Captain Cornwall's monument in the Abbey to make room for a statue of Lord Salisbury. The power of whoever happens to be the Dean for the moment is certainly amazing. Apparently, even Parliament, which voted the money for the monument, cannot prevent its mutilation. Dean Stanley used to open the tombs of Kings and Queens, as well as those of persons otherwise famous—a practice which earned for him the severe nickname of "Body-snatcher." The whole incident recalls Mr. Yates Thompson's famous offer to build a sort of annexe to the Abbey, to contain the ashes of our great ones, on condition that the honoured name of Yates Thompson was conspicuously inscribed on the building! What a pity the



AN HOTEL DE LUXE, THE MÉTROPOLE, BEXHILL.

The Métropole is all that is best in hotels, and a great favourite with visitors to the seaside town for which Lord De La Warr has done so much. Its pretty gardens are being much used for entertainment purposes this summer. Several artists have been engaged in addition to the regular orchestra, and the performances are open not only to the hotel visitors, but to the general public.

offer was not accepted; some future Dean could have been relied on to remove the offending name, and we should all have been happy and comfortable, as Sam Weller says.

Room for the Great! But, seriously, room must be made somehow if the Abbey is to remain as our national Pantheon. This might be done in two ways. First, as St. Paul's Cathedral is already the traditional burying-place of great soldiers and sailors, all memorials of naval and military heroes now in the Abbey should be removed thither. Secondly, the ashes of the numerous respectable but entirely obscure clergymen who have in the past received the honour of burial in the Abbey or in the cloisters merely because they were Canons or Minor Canons should be removed, and all prescriptive rights of burial abolished. The Abbey should then be reserved for really great statesmen, writers, and others, while eminent soldiers and sailors would continue to find their Valhalla in St. Paul's.

A Postman-Playwright.

The little town of Goisern, in Austria, boasts probably the most original playwright in the world. His name is Lamprecht, he is the village postman by profession, and, in leisure hours, he is a maker of umbrellas and of plays for the stage. A year ago, Herr Lamprecht knew no German, could only speak patois, and could not write or read at all. A Viennese schoolmaster, who was spending his holidays in Goisern, taught him German and taught him how to spell. But nearly all his plays are written in his village dialect. He has written a number of one-Act pieces, and has just produced "Der Feichtenhof," a play in three Acts, which has had a big success in Vienna. Finding, no doubt, that letter-carrying, umbrella-making, and play-writing did not occupy sufficient of his time, Lamprecht played the principal part in his three-Act play himself, and did so extremely well. The Viennese Professor who taught this Admirable Crichton German has found rather a clever nickname for his pupil. "Pantehnicon" he calls him.



A PRESENTATION BELL FOR H.M.S. "LANCASTER."

The bell, which was presented to the ship by the County Palatine, bears the County Arms and nautical emblems interlaced with Lancaster roses. It is suspended by a dolphin loop to a silver bracket, of which the main portion of the design is a sea-nymph. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of London and Sheffield, were the designers and manufacturers.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on August 14.

A MORE CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

THE pronounced buying from Berlin during the last few days has made our market conclude that "somebody knows something," and that the meeting of the Emperors is, after all, likely to tend towards the peace which the Stock Markets of Europe so ardently desire. It is, to say the least of it, curious that Berlin, which ought to know what advice its Kaiser has given to his "cousin," should be the most optimistic spot, and we are inclined to think that, for once, this wicked world has misjudged the German Emperor.

Money has been very cheap, and one or two successful issues, such as those of the Madras Railway and the Colony of Natal, have put heart into the investment market. While on the subject of issues, we must say that the prospectus of the West Suburban Gas concern was, in our opinion, an insult to the intelligence of investors, and we hope sincerely it will meet with the failure it deserves.

The rise of Antofagasta Ordinary is the most glorious vindication of the foresight and intelligent anticipation of events which our gifted contemporary "Q." could have asked. Less than a month ago, he recommended the stock at about 182, and, when it rose to 190, he said it should still be bought, while, as a matter of fact, he placed, in a private letter to the City Editor, the fair price of the Ordinary at 225, and remarked that it was hard to limit the eventual value of the Deferred. We are glad to publish a note by the same gentleman on Van den Berghs, a Company for which several good words have been said in these columns. If our readers will keep a note of "Q.'s" recommendations and the outcome of them, they will find the result satisfactory to their banking accounts and investment lists.

VAN DEN BERGHS
ORDINARY SHARES.

I undertook in these notes to recommend some securities which, while paying a much higher rate of interest than is ordinarily obtainable from sound investments, might, nevertheless, be relied upon to maintain and even increase in capital value. So far I have mentioned six such securities—namely, Liverpool Nitrates, Antofagasta Railway, Ohlssons Cape Brewery, Salar del Carmen Nitrates, Lagunas Syndicate, South African Breweries.

The first two of these, I may mention in passing, are already considerably higher than when I wrote about them. To-day I wish to add another to the above list, namely, Van Den Berghs Ordinary Shares, which stand at about £2 or a little over. Let me, first of all, place in tabular form the net profits of the Company and the dividends paid on the Ordinary shares for the past five years—

	Profits.	Dividend.
1900	£110,000	.. 4½
1901	£116,000	.. 5½
1902	£123,000	.. 6½
1903	£144,000	.. 8
1904	£247,000	.. 12

From these figures it will be gleaned that the Company has now become a very big affair, but it must not be supposed that 12 per cent. represents all that could have been paid on the Ordinary shares from the large profits earned last year. On the contrary, the payment of this dividend and of the interest on the Preference shares absorbed only £96,000, £20,000 was placed to reserve, and no less than £147,000 was carried forward as against £40,000 brought into the year's accounts.

In addition, a reserve fund of £89,000 invested in Trustee securities has been accumulated, which is to be raised to £100,000, and the Company holds besides investments which stand in the balance-sheet at only £75,000, but which produced an income of £22,000 last year, and may fairly be valued at over £300,000. No doubt, it will continue to be necessary to place large sums to reserve; but, nevertheless, an increase of the dividend to, say, 16 per cent. seems very probable, as only another £20,000 would be required to pay this, and the Managing Director has stated that the profits for the first three months of the current year compare very favourably with those of the preceding year. The long period of cut-throat competition between this Company and its trade rivals has ended in a victory for Van Den Berghs owing to its strong financial position, and the fruits of this victory are now in process of being garnered.

IN THE KAFFIR MARKET.

According to one of the latest fantastic theories, what the Kaffir Circus waits for is a period of slump followed by inactivity in the American Market. The competition of Yankees for the front place in the attention of speculators has been so successful for over a year past that the inanition in South Africans becomes all the more strongly accentuated when compared with the comparative activity of Americans. We admit the truth of the old House tradition that two booms cannot be run simultaneously in the Stock Exchange, but there need be no boom in Kaffirs to alter very materially the existing state of affairs. Professionalism is rampant. To deal in the better-class Gold shares is so difficult as to reduce business almost to the level of a matter of negotiation. In the gambling counters, close prices continue to be made, but,

outside this particular circle of shares in less than a score of Companies, there is hardly any free market in Kaffirs. We do not propose to dig up all the oft-detailed reasons for this thusness. It rather behoves the chronicler to see whether any future hope can be discerned, for the sake of the thousands who hold Kaffir shares for which they have paid higher prices. To us, it seems as though much time will even yet be required to resuscitate the market as a popular gambling medium. We hear on all sides, from brokers and jobbers alike, of how the public eschew Kaffirs, as though afraid to touch the shares, although they will not sell at current levels showing so great depreciation from the prices at which the shares were bought.

PROS AND CONS.

In the popular attitude we look for the key to the position of the market. Holidays are here, and, though an occasional spurt may occur, Kaffirs cannot become buoyant yet, while the practical certainty of a General Election in November bodes no bullish thing to a market already apprehensive—needlessly, we grant—of possible interference with Chinese labour by a possible Liberal Government. Against the attitude of indifference and the fears of what might happen in the Transvaal if the Liberals came into power, we may set the improving condition of the industry, the probable distribution of substantial dividends in the autumn, and the chance of the public being induced, by a big-house demonstration in the market, to re-enter the game. The mines are known to want more money in a number of cases, and it is not likely that the financial parents of the concerns will be content to supply their numerous progeny much longer with capital for fresh development. This will certainly be the privilege of the public before many months, and, by way of baiting the ground in advance, the interested parties may give prices an all-round twist-up. The danger to such parties would naturally lie in the chance of the public

taking advantage of such a movement to sell their shares, and so defeat the object in view. To the student of finance who happens to have no Kaffirs in his box, the position is full of interest, because of its various cross-currents; and we have, perhaps, said sufficient to assist the onlooker in forming his own opinion as to the likelihood of an early appreciable advance in the Kaffir Circus.

OUR STROLLER IN
THROGMORTON
STREET.

"Yes," said Our Stroller, taking out his handkerchief and mop-

ping his face, "I have done it. But never again do I take a party of kiddies to a variety-show on a hot afternoon. I admit that the entertainment was excellent, but—" and again he wiped his heated brow.

His broker's authorised clerk handed him a palm-leaf fan.

"Thanks, but I'm quite warm enough, and don't want to be a degree hotter," was the reply. "I know the weather doesn't look—"

"I should not be surprised to see a storm," said the young man, gazing critically at a ribbon of blue sky. "The thermometer's gone up, like everything else in the Stock Exchange."

The Stroller ceased the handkerchief. "My friend," he said, severely, "you are over-young to joke upon financial matters. Such things are best left to the *Morning Post* and similar Society entertainers; but take my advice, and don't you do it."

The authorised clerk looked a trifle abashed, and was immensely relieved when one of the private telephone-bells rang. "Excuse me," he said, and stepped up to the instrument.

"Yes, sir. Oh yes! Quite a good market. Sell how much? Five thousand. Right, sir. Yes, that was the price two minutes ago. Oh, of course! Let you know in a second."

"What's that?" asked the broker, who had just entered.

"Number Three wants to sell five Japan Fours at best. Shall I, or will you?"

"You. I want to send a few wires. One moment," and The Stroller watched him write half-a-dozen telegrams in half as many minutes.

"Busy, I notice," volunteered our friend. "Glad to see it. Thought the Stock Exchange was a dead letter in a nineteen-day account."

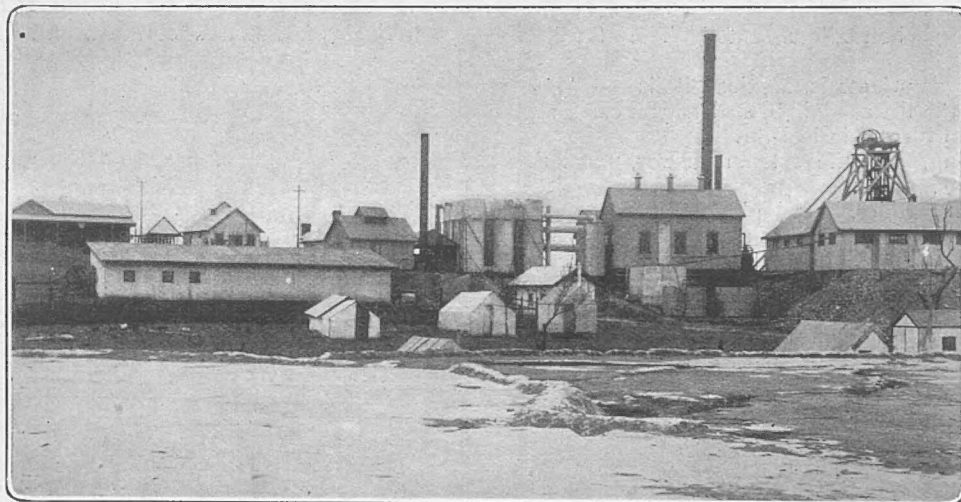
"Oh, there're one or two things moving," replied the broker, producing his cigar-case. "And clients importune one to keep them posted with advice."

"I can understand that in the present case," and The Stroller made him a smiling bow.

"I'm too old for that kind of thing," laughed the broker. "But I put a lot of my people into Yankees lately, and—"

"You're advising them to sell?"

"Oh dear, no. Look here," and the broker ran the tape through



IRON DUKE GOLD-MINE (NORTHERN ASSOCIATED), KALGOORLIE.

his fingers. "Everything has come good from New York this afternoon, and I still believe they're going better."

"Ought I to—?"

"Not to-day, perhaps. Wait for a little reaction."

"And then?"

"Buy Penns, Unions—"

"I already hold them."

"Buy more, and Canadas. With Little Southern thrown in as a gambling-counter."

The authorised clerk came back, and reported through the telephone that he had sold five at the figure.

"Grotesque jargon," sniffed The Stroller, curious.

"They are getting out of Jap. Fours to buy the 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds. Lots of others are on the same tack, too."

"Are the Fours too high?"

"Possibly not. But if they aren't, Exchequer Bonds are too low, which makes the exchange profitable."

"Mr. Smith, sir," announced the office-boy, suddenly putting his head through an aperture in the glass partition.

The Stroller jumped, and the boy's face struggled hard to retain its gravity.

"Ask Mr. Smith in," ordered the broker, who did not observe the repressed giggle. "He's a man well up in Argentine Railway matters, and—"

"Ah! how do you do, Smith? Allow me to introduce you to my friend. Hot, isn't it?"—and again the cigar-case came into play.

"Your Rosario Deferred are pretty strong," went on the broker, leaning back in his chair.

"Not so strong as they will be," returned Mr. Smith. "Not so strong—as—they—will—be," and each stop was punctuated with a ring of cigar-smoke. "Wonderful market, that."

"It can't go on for ever," objected the broker.

"All right, my dear sir. You go a bear of Rosarios or Pacifics, and see what happens."

"Yes, they're all going better," assented The Stroller. "Americans, Argentines—"

"Brazils, Entre Rios, Paraguay Centrals, Mexican Rails—"

"Steady, old man. Keep the list as alphabetical as you can," and the broker regarded his friend with a quizzical air.

"The best people are buying," was the solemn answer, "and the only danger now is—"

"Locusts?" suggested Our Stroller, knowingly.

"An inflated and inflating bull account. At present the danger is nascent, because real business has fallen off on account of the holidays."

"All the same—," began the broker.

"I know it. That constitutes the peril, as I remarked. The gambler is doing this rise, not the four or five per cent. investor."

"Before I forget it. Put five hundred pounds into a safe 4 per cent. stock, will you, please?" and The Stroller handed a slip to his broker.

The latter looked at the slip and chuckled as he gave it back to his client, who said something better left unsaid. But it is awkward to distribute betting-slips promiscuously. And, if one never bets, such evidence does not carry conviction of the fact to other people.

"Rand Water is a first-rate four per cent. stock at about par," suggested the broker.

"Very safe?" asked his client.

"Safer than houses."

"Safe as the House," added Mr. Argentine Smith. "I've got some myself."

"Or Twopenny Tube Preferred is another sound thing; the dividend is not in the least likely to be jeopardised by the electrification of the District."

"Someone recommended me to buy London and India Dock Preferred," said our friend.

"Not bad advice either, although the Deferred will probably have to put up with 2½ per cent. at the end of the year. But the Preferred is certainly secure."

"So I think," The Stroller observed, as he rose to depart. "I'm afraid I must be off."

But, although they all went out, they did not part until half-an-hour later.

THE GORDON HOTELS REPORT.

The report and accounts of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, which had been looked forward to not without anxiety both by the shareholders and the market, have just been published. The report is most hopeful, and the accounts are certainly more favourable than the world had expected; for, although there has been a small falling-off in the amount of business done, it amounts to less than 5 per cent. of the gross take, and the very substantial profit of £83,000 is left for division, after providing for every outgoing, a very large sum for depreciation and maintenance, and the full interest on the debenture debt.

The past year has notoriously been a bad one for all hotels, and the bad times which have been in evidence ever since the close of the Boer War were bound to make themselves felt in a business of the very high class carried on by the Gordon Hotels. The management is to be most heartily congratulated on having done so well, and presenting such a satisfactory balance-sheet, from which all "soft" items have been most severely pruned away.

THE JAPANESE AND EASTERN CORPORATION.

We hear that an important Company under the above title will shortly make its appearance. An issue of half-a-million profit-sharing Debenture stock, carrying also a fixed 5 per cent., is to be made. The objects of the Company will be, as its name implies, to carry on financial investment and trust business in Japan, and, with powerful backing, it may succeed well. Without seeing the prospectus, one can say no more.

Saturday, July 29, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

TEMES.—The people in question suspended payment a few months ago, and only resumed payment by the help of a big Debenture issue. This means that, if the same thing happened again, the Debenture-holders would step in before ordinary creditors. As to the so-called Trust, on every fluctuation of price you might be called on to find additional cover. We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the bucket-shop or its "Trusts."

A. A. B.—Your letter was answered on the 24th, although you had not complied with Rule 5. Please do so.

H. C. H.—The reason of our advice was sent to you, as you requested, on the 25th instant. There is no room in the Correspondence column to argue. The total white population is only 14,000, and the record gold-production hardly that of two first-class mines on the Rand or in India.

FREDERICK.—The price of the shares is about $\frac{3}{4}$, or, perhaps, $\frac{1}{2}$, and the accounts will be published during August. Try a *Financial Times* for quotation. We doubt if you will find it, except occasionally, in any paper.

ARISTOCRATS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

IN spite of the constant interchange of plays and players that goes on between the United Kingdom and the United States, it is remarkable how few of the most famous "stars" of "the other side" have appeared in London. There is no doubt, however, that, were any of the popular American actors whose portraits *The Sketch* presents this week to appeal to British audiences, they would receive a warm welcome and the consideration due to their exceptional merits. American though they are, several have been identified with English plays. Mr. John Drew, it is true, is no stranger to London, for, as the leading man of Mr. Augustin Daly's famous "Company of Comedians," as it used to be styled, he attracted a good deal of notice, and always shared the honours with Miss Ada Rehan. During last season, he was playing the Duke of Killicrankie, in which his success was quite remarkable. He has the reputation of being the best-dressed actor on the American stage, and many of the so-called gilded youth of New York model their dress on his. His wife is not an actress.

To London theatre-goers the name of E. H. Sothern must of necessity be interesting, for it was borne by an actor who, by his performance of Lord Dundreary, did what few actors have done—left an impression not merely on his own generation, but on the succeeding one. The present Mr. E. H. Sothern is, it need hardly be said, his son, and the brother of Mr. Sam Sothern of the Vaudeville Theatre. Beginning as the lightest of light comedians in modern plays, he has now become a recognised Shaksperian actor, and has been presenting a Shakspeare repertoire, the leading woman's parts in which have been played by Miss Julia Marlowe. Mrs. Sothern, who was Miss Virginia Harned, under which name she still acts, was the Trilby in the famous play of that name, but she is probably best known as an emotional actress. She was, for a time, a joint "star" with Mr. Sothern, but the present combination recently caused her to head a Company of her own.

Mr. Richard Mansfield's aim has been to do for the American stage what Sir Henry Irving has done for ours, and to that end he acted certain Shaksperian parts, like Richard III. and Shylock, but he has of late been seen in more modern plays. He succeeded in America in running "Cyrano de Bergerac" for a considerable time, and it probably remains one of his most vivid performances.

Mr. Louis Mann is a well-known dialect comedian, and Miss Clara Lipman, his wife, is invariably associated with him as leading lady.

If the matinée-girl were to be asked to vote for her most-approved dramatic hero of romance, she would most probably plump for Mr. James J. K. Hackett, who produced in America the first of the "Zenda" plays which helped to make the fortune of Mr. George Alexander. He has the technical skill, as well as the physical requirements, for such parts. Miss Mary Mannering, his wife, is an Englishwoman by birth, though she has identified herself for many years with the American stage, on which she is regarded as one of the finest emotional actresses in the country.

The names of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske stand for much that is most sturdy and independent in connection with the American stage. They are two of the most avowed, as they are two of the strongest, opponents of the Theatrical Trust of which we have been hearing so much of late as a possible menace to the dramatic art of England. Mrs. Fiske has been called "America's brainiest actress," and her latest success was won as Leah Kleschna, though she is best known for her production of several of Ibsen's plays. Mr. Fiske is editor and proprietor of the *New York Mirror*, a paper devoted entirely to the interests of the stage and the avowed champion of the actor's condition.